

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Stop the Panicky Buying and Hoarding of Food—It Helps the Speculators to Raise Prices

UNPREPAREDNESS is a characteristic of the American people that costs them dear whenever they are brought face to face with a critical situation which has been obviously ahead of them and should have been provided for long in advance. It is a habit with them and their government to ignore an approaching crisis until it is upon them and then, suddenly awaking from their indifference, to take inconsiderate action in a panicky disregard of consequences.

With the example of Germany and the costly mistakes of England and France before us we have failed to profit by the lesson and have drifted on unconcernedly until sucked into the whirlpool of the world war. And now, in a panicky effort to meet the emergency, the people are resorting to unwise expedients while Congress, quite as frantic, is designing freak legislation on the one hand and delaying sound measures of vital importance and immediate urgency on the other through long discussion and disagreement over minor details. Although, at the present writing, it is more than a month since Congress declared war the government has not been able to take the first step toward raising the proposed new war army because Congress was divided on certain features of the new army bill. And despite the President's proclamation that the food question is the most pressing war problem for us and for our allies, Congress has done nothing in the line of promoting larger production or of conserving our present supply or of protecting the people from extortionate prices by preventing grain and other great food staples from being monopolized for speculative purposes.

Under these conditions it is no wonder that the food panic, which recently started in the large cities, is sweeping the country. For many months food prices had been rising with alarming rapidity and when, after the declaration of war, the government issued its bulletins pointing out the threatened food shortage and urging prevention by strict elimination of waste and by raising as large crops as possible the people were seized with a sudden scare and began buying and hoarding every kind of staple food product in sight. In Chicago the mania became so acute that, despite the deterrent efforts of the authorities and the dealers, the housewives thronged the grocery stores and cleaned out their stocks of flour, sugar and canned goods and even bought them bare of soaps.

This popular movement to forestall the market is unwise because such abnormal and excessive buying produces an artificial shortage in the market that tends to raise prices and play into the hands of the speculators. Mr. Earle, western representative of the American Sugar Refining Company, is reported to have said that "the householders of Minneapolis and the country generally are still engaged in a mad rush of buying sugar and flour with the result they are bidding up prices on themselves." This extraordinary buying and hoarding has reduced stocks and, because of the freight car shortage, has caused a temporary scarcity of sugar in some localities. But that this company expects no shortage of sugar this summer is indicated by the fact that it has recently sold its product under the market. Government and local authorities advise against abnormal buying of food products.

Undoubtedly this advice is sound *provided* the government will do its part to protect the people from extortionate prices by preventing the cornering or manipulation of the market by speculators. Several bills designed for this purpose are pending in Congress, and some effective measure should be adopted at once; otherwise consumers naturally may deem it prudent to protect themselves by buying in large quantities for future use, and the appeal for them to desist as a patriotic duty is not likely to prove impressive so

long as speculative buying and hoarding is unrestricted.

Would Tax the Magazines to Death

THE most colossal piece of asinine stupidity that has engaged the serious attention of Congress is the Ways and Means Committee's report recommending a war tax on periodical publications at a rate and in such form as would cripple all and put many of the popular magazines out of business. Its designers intended it to produce a large increase of revenue, but it will fail of that purpose because in their recklessness they have made it so large and burdensome that, if adopted, it will kill the goose that is expected to lay the golden eggs. It is in the form of an enormous increase in the second-class (magazine and newspaper) postage rate.

Under the present law, which has been in force more than thirty years, the publishers of magazines and newspapers pay postage at the level rate of a cent a pound for mailing their publications to any part of the United States regardless of distance. The proposition is to raise the rate so that a magazine having a nation-wide circulation, like COMFORT, will pay about four times as much postage as at present. That is bad enough, in fact it would be destructive under present adverse conditions with which publishers have to contend because the war has doubled the price of print paper and largely increased the cost of all other printing materials. But it has a worse feature that is positively wicked in its grossly unfair discrimination against magazines as a class and especially against certain magazines consequent on their location, because the proposed increase in postage rate is not level and uniform throughout the length and breadth of the country but is graded according to distance by adopting the parcel post zone system.

If the Committee's recommendation is adopted the rate will be doubled to two cents a pound in the first, second and third zones, raised four cents in the fourth and fifth zones, to five cents in the sixth and seventh zones, and to six cents in the eighth zone. This means that we should have to raise the subscription price of COMFORT, which we have thus far avoided despite the largely increased cost of production which, during the past year, has driven a number of magazines out of existence and forced most of the others to raise their subscription rates. It also means, according to our present calculation, that we should have to grade the increase in subscription price according to distance, so that subscribers in the distant zones would pay a higher rate than those in the nearer zones. At the proposed new rate postage on twelve copies of COMFORT to a subscriber in the eighth zone would cost us nearly the present subscription price, so that the price in that zone would have to be doubled.

Because the magazines can not possibly stand it this tax will have to be passed on to the people, as explained. It is a tax on information, it taxes the dissemination of knowledge which should be encouraged and fostered as heretofore, by the government, or even subsidized rather than discouraged and impeded by burdensome taxation. And the meanest and inexcusable feature of this proposed tax is that it is so contrived that it will not bear equally on the entire reading public but most heavily on the magazine subscribers in the remote rural sections.

With the government expending millions to promote education it seems the height of folly for it to imperil or even impair the activities of the magazines which constitute one of the most important and effective educational forces in existence. The zone rate feature of this tax discriminates unfairly in favor of the small local papers and against such a magazine as COMFORT which has a large nation-wide circulation with many thousands of subscribers in every zone. And yet it is the influence of the national magazines that

is overcoming narrow-minded sectionalism and local prejudices by making the people of all sections acquainted with each other and teaching them to respect and be tolerant of each other's ways of life and opinions, that is inspiring the whole people with a sense of common interest and national unity of purpose.

The magazines will cheerfully bear their fair share of the war taxes, but we sincerely hope that, in its long delayed and now hasty efforts at preparation for war, Congress will not perpetrate the stupendous folly and egregious wrong of inflicting zone rates of second-class postage on the people and their magazines. If you are not in favor of sectional discrimination in postage rates, write your Congressman immediately and urge him to vote against putting the second-class postage rate on the zone basis.

No Grain to Spare for Making Intoxicating Liquor

A STRONG movement is on foot to induce Congress to institute nation-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic as a war measure. No other single piece of legislation could possibly contribute so largely toward winning the war or be so generally helpful of the health, morals and material prosperity of the nation. As there is no possible denial of this proposition, why does not Congress act on it? The influence of the liquor interests is the only answer.

To carry this war on to a successful issue we need to make the most effective use of all the human and material resources of the nation; we require all the man power, all the wealth and all the brains at our command. We can not afford to waste money, time or labor. All must be made usefully productive. Yet our people spend nearly two billions of dollars a year for liquors. This stupendous sum would pay half the annual cost of the war, if saved. But spent for liquor it is worse than wasted because of the crime, sickness, pauperism and misery that it causes besides the resulting inefficiency. Congress proposes to prohibit liquor in the military camps. If under the strict discipline of the camp men cannot be made good soldiers in the presence of liquors how can they be good citizens in civil life surrounded by grog shops?

We are short of laborers in the fields, mines, factories and shipyards and need two million men for the army and navy. The hundred thousand men engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor are needed in useful employments. Why not banish liquor and force them to do their share of the nation's toil instead of dealing out death and destruction, want and misery? Under the stress of present circumstances the government is calling upon every man, woman and child to do their utmost to help the great cause, and yet it permits this army of liquor men to sap the vitals of the nation when it is in a death grip with a powerful and merciless foreign foe.

With flour approaching twenty dollars a barrel, wheat at three dollars a bushel and other cereals at correspondingly high prices because of a short grain crop that threatens a world famine, surely there is no grain to spare for making intoxicating liquor with which to poison the people. With our government issuing bulletins appealing to the people to save every crust of bread, it will be criminal on the part of Congress if it does not immediately close the distilleries and breweries and prevent them from taking eighty-five million bushels of grain from the mouths of a famishing people to make it into intoxicating drink. Watch your Congressmen—and you who put them there will know what to do with any of them that vote to starve the people in order that drunkenness may abound and the liquor men wax fat and prosper.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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**Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson**

2nd row.—3 d. c. in third s. c., ch. 1, 3 d. c. in



"Here you are!" plunging ecstatically into the drawing room.

"Oh, I did indeed!" she said, cheerfully. "Anything to get away from Joseph."

Nerine ran lightly down the stairs.

Nerine held out the bacon on her fork.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Lispenard, cousin to Kit Belton's mother, marries a Canadian girl. Dying he leaves a widow, two girls, Agatha and Nerine, and one son Maurice. Mrs. Lispenard marries Clarence Mayne, an interloper. At her decease she leaves Clarence Mayne an income until the girls are of age. Lispenard house and money go to the male heir in the direct line. Clarence Mayne goes on a trip to Monte Carlo. Kit Belton comes on a visit, while Maurice Lispenard, denied the education which is his by right, walks from Liverpool, where he is learning to be a mechanical engineer, to be with Kit Belton. Jones, known to Maurice as Lister, is ordered to harness the horses, when they go to see Lord Satterlee in a game of football. Agatha recognizes him. He has attended St. Jude's that he might see her. Maurice invites Lord Satterlee to dine with him. A young maid, not familiar with the house, and suspicious, leaves him in the darkness. He gropes his way to Clarence Mayne's room, where Nerine finds him later. She picks up a fallen table. In a secret drawer she discovers a book with her mother's initials on it. Nerine and Agatha going for a walk meet Lord Satterlee who hopes to see them at the next dance. Returning to Mr. Mayne's rooms the next day Nerine discovers that they are occupied during his absence and detects a strange woman putting the Lispenard silver in a strong bag. Left alone Nerine substitutes stones and minerals and covers them with her silk skirt. The woman returns, there is a struggle and Nerine falls senseless. Leaving Nerine unconscious, and going to the station with the bag she is met by Jones, who discovers the stones in the place of the silver and hurries the woman away. Returning to the coach-house Jones receives a summons from Maurice, who puts him through a rigid interview. Agatha is suspicious that Mr. Mayne is in the plot. Maurice, with his sisters, calls upon Lady Satterlee who thinks they are alike, yet different. Satterlee admits not knowing one from the other at first. Preparations for the dance go on and Nerine is wildly happy. Lady Satterlee, as hostess, invites the Lispenards and Miss Belton to tea, preparatory to the dance, where Nerine, her heart beating happily, promises Satterlee the extra dances at supper-time, refusing one to Mr. Fairfax, Lady Satterlee's cousin. Dancing one of them, she retires to the dressing-room to arrange her hair. Satterlee, not returning she walks down the passage to another room, and indignant at his apparent neglect and the image of Agatha, is about to leave the room when he enters. He mistakes Nerine for Agatha, calling her endearing names, and leaving her to wonder how many times, he, in talking to her thought she was Agatha. Humiliated, she assumes a new role. Going home she finds Mr. Mayne has returned, and she asks if Maurice has told him of the extraordinary things which happened in his absence. Maurice thinks Jones has something to do with it. Nerine's changed attitude causes Mr. Mayne uneasiness, and he would sleep better if he knew that Maurice's remarks meant nothing. Lord and Lady Satterlee call and announce to Mr. Mayne Agatha's engagement to Lord Satterlee. Lady Satterlee proposes to take Agatha and Nerine home with her. Mr. Mayne is determined to find other amusement for Nerine until the unfortunate silver is forgotten. Interviewing Jones, Mr. Mayne questions him regarding a servant.

CHAPTER XV. (CONTINUED.)

"I DON'T see as you can afford to offend her, sir," he said, with vicious meaning. Mayne looked at him, and Jones' eyes fell. "I can afford to offend her, and you, too," he said slowly. "Make no mistake about that. I suppose your past life is pretty much the same today as it has always been; no great or salient features have been providentially wiped out while I was abroad?" Jones wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand. "I was not meaning myself—it was Mary," he answered. "And if Mary makes a fool of herself it is you who will pay the piper, see you to that! You can go now!" Left alone, the dapper little man fell into so deep a fit of thought that the temperature of his carefully heated room fell several degrees before he noticed that his fire was out and that darkness had fallen. This annoying news had simplified matters in one way; the Belton girl. Before it would not have been safe; twenty-five miles was too trivial a distance in the country to have between Nerine Lispenard and the inmate of the cottage. Of course, it was a hundred chances to one that Nerine would never visit the out-of-the-way village where danger lay, but danger was practically absent now, and an empty cottage could tell no tales, even supposing the girl did drive over on one of those senseless excursions dwellers in country houses affected. He knew Kitt, Belton would want Nerine, and Lady Belton was a friend of his, and far less likely to believe idle chatter about him than the red-headed Satterlee woman. He would consider ten pounds—his miserly soul wincing—well expended to get Nerine out of Lispenard House during her sister's absence. He could never go out without thinking that she might be prowling about and finding out something. There was nothing like striking while the iron was hot (though not even to himself did Mr. Mayne make use of that vulgar proverb); he would get things settled as soon as the obnoxious Satterlee had taken leave. He would even—with a rueful smile—play the beneficent stepfather for the occasion! It was with wild surprise that Nerine received a message, toward nine o'clock, that Mr. Mayne would be pleased if she could speak to him. She entered the room where he was seated at his solitary dinner, prepared to know nothing in answer to any questions about the frustrated burglar, for of course that was why he wanted her. But she returned to Agatha and Kit in still greater surprise, after a ten minutes' absence.

"What did he say?" demanded these damsels, with acute interest, as she sat down in her old place on the rug in the morning-room. Did he cross-examine you as to our every movement during his absence? Did he ask you—breathlessly—"where you got your dresses?" "He rose and offered me a chair. I sat down. 'Would I have a glass of wine?' I would not. He would—ah—come to the point at once. Did I propose going with you, Agatha, to Lady Satterlee's?"

"You said yes?" "I said no," with a curious little smile. "I had promised to visit Miss Belton if he allowed me to go anywhere. Wait now," she added in response to the wildly diverse comments drawn from her hearers; "the point is to come!" "He agreed with me. 'Nothing was in worse form than to rush too ardently at future connections by marriage; Agatha was best alone,' and he 'hoped we would both provide ourselves with necessary additions to our wardrobe,' and he handed me this with airy grace, and opened the door for me."

She threw down on the hearth rug a twenty-pound note.

"What did you say?" "Nothing. Bowed profoundly like Sir Charles Grandison in moments of doubt, and went out."

"Why did you take it?" Agatha said.

"Because you cannot go to the halls of the nobility with no clothes but one white satin frock, and it is all ours, not his, to begin with, and it is always well to have money. We can leave as soon as you are ready to go with Lady Satterlee."

Agatha was nearly in tears.

"I think you might come," she said.

"Mr. Mayne would not let me go with you; I could see that."

"I don't see why."

"Nor do I. But it is so. He spoke quite feelingly about it being really providential that I need not be left here alone. So feelingly, indeed, that I cast about to see if he could be in any way going to further his interest by my absence."

Could Mr. Mayne have heard her?

CHAPTER XVI.

NERINE'S RECEPTION AT BELTON COURT.

Kitty Belton and Nerine were driving in the dusk up the hilly avenue to Belton Court. Both were tired and silent after their journey, and Nerine was depressed as well. It was her first parting from Agatha, who had gone off with the Satterlees the day before, with an augmented wardrobe, and with a mind slightly injured by her sister's obstinacy in not going with her.

Nerine had made use of Mr. Mayne's unwilling generosity to pay the bill for those white satins. It was bad enough to have a gown which reminded her of an evening of dust and ashes; but it was unbearable to have the bill for it hanging over her head. With what money was over she bought a black crepon, and made it with no extra pains as to trimming. It was black, and plain, and decent. The girl shuddered now at the remembrance of the careful coquetry with which she had arranged the folds of that hateful white satin.

As they ascended a steeper rise than usual Kit looked out of the open window of the brougham.

"Here we are! I thought we should never get home."

Nerine looked out as they drew up under the entrance leading to the big, gray house. What a huge place it looked, with its many windows lit up and shining, and how imposing! For the fiftieth time she wondered what Kit's mother was like, and if she would be sorry that she had not stayed at home—with her stepfather!

"Bundle out!" Kit cried, joyfully. "Never mind the things; some one will look after them."

And she dragged Nerine by the hand into the big hall and across it to the drawing-room, speaking affably to the servants as she went, and inquiring if her mother had gone up to dress yet.

"Here you are!" plunging ecstatically into the drawing-room and through a maze of furniture to a sofa drawn up to the fire at the far end, where sat a plump little lady in a velvet gown. "I thought we were going to be late for dinner. Jenkins drove so slowly," kissing her mother. "And I've brought Nerine, as you said. Agatha couldn't come, because she has got engaged, and been carried off by her mother-in-law."

"Gently, my dear, gently," Lady Belton said, laughing. "And so this is Nerine," kissing the tall girl kindly. "You are very welcome, my dear. I am glad to have you at Belton at last. And what a likeness you have to your dear father," retreating a few steps and regarding her with a softened face.

"Where's tea?" said her daughter, prosaically. "We couldn't get any at Swindon; there wasn't time."

"Tea! It is half-past seven; don't you see that I am ready for dinner? And your father will not wait an instant beyond the quarter, as you know. Run off, both of you, and wash your faces, and I will send you each a glass of sherry. Don't wait to dress now, Kit," warningly. "You must come as you are, for your father has been out all day, and won't stand your being late."

A very little thing will sometimes raise the drooping spirit. Miss Nerine Lispenard, as she went up the shining oak stairs after Kit, felt an unwonted cheerfulness stealing over her at the knowledge that for tonight at least she need not array herself in that detested satin.

"Oh, here's papa!" Nerine looked up and saw her guide embracing a fresh-faced old gentleman with gray hair, and arrayed in a spick and span evening toilet.

"Daddy, this is Nerine. And you mustn't stop to say anything to her now, for mother says she won't wait dinner for us."

"Wait dinner! I should think not." Nerine

found her hand taken in comfortable grasp. "Very glad to see you, my dear. Bless my soul!" as the girls went up and he was left alone on the landing; "what a fine young woman we have here—and what a living image of her father!"

Lady Belton was as good as her word. A neat maid stood with a tray inside the door of Miss Belton's bedroom, and Nerine drank her tiny glass of sherry and munched a dry biscuit with thankfulness, while the maid went noiselessly about and poured out warm water in her room and Kitty's, and then, with rapid, accustomed fingers, brushed and tidied the dark locks and the face.

Oh, how comfortable to live like this every day. To lay down your hat and coat and have some one to pick them up for you. To have a huge toilet table covered with little silver pots, and a great three-sided glass, big enough to see yourself in from your head to your heels.

"Ready?" Kit broke relentlessly in upon the guest's musing. "Come along, I asked Maria what there was for dinner, and there are sweetbreads for one thing, so don't you waste any of your appetite on fish. I shan't." In a rapid whisper as they ran down-stairs. "Ah, they've gone in, have they?" to a man servant, who opened the dining-room door with a magnificent wideness as they went in.

It was a pretty room, with nothing very fashionable or smart about it; oak Turkey carpet, and ugly brown pictures were all Nerine noticed as she sat down in her high-backed chair at the dinner table. But the dinner was more than excellent, though the table was adorned with jonquills in a way that Lady Satterlee, the orchid loving, would have thought boded little for the contents of the Belton greenhouses.

"How are the children?" Kit asked in a judicial and elder-sisterly manner, as she attacked the sweetbreads.

"Ver; well; but Miss Bruce has had a sore throat lately and doesn't seem her usual self. I did not let them have any lessons today."

"You can take a turn at teaching them tomorrow, Kit." Sir William Belton looked up with a twinkling eye. "Your last attempt was crowned"—chuckling—"with such glory."

Kit colored.

"Daddy," she said, petulantly, "you know they were not our children; it was mother's class in the Sunday school. How could I help it if a hateful boy would accompany all the hymns on a mouth-organ? And if I had known we were going to have the history of Joseph for a lesson I would have marked the place in the book."

Sir William roared with laughter. "She couldn't find out in which book of the Old Testament Joseph and his brethren were!" said Sir William, turning confidentially to Nerine, "and so she told the class stories about tigers and robbers till the lesson hour was over."

"My dear, you exaggerate, surely!" Lady Belton wished William would sometimes remember the presence of the servants.

But the daughter completed her father's misdemeanors.

"Oh, I did indeed!" she said, cheerfully. "Anything to get away from Joseph. And if I had not taken up their attention, mother, they would have pinched the legs of the infant class just in front. They had begun to, when I fortunately had the inspiration about robber stories."

Lady Belton shook her head, though she laughed.

"Be assured that, in view of that inspiration, I shall let the children run wild if poor Miss Bruce continues ill, rather than deliver them over to your tender mercies."

Nerine looked quickly at her hostess, but said nothing. She was sorry for the governess and her sore throat, but she wondered if Lady Belton would let her teach the children if Miss Bruce had to go home or her indisposition continued. It would be a priceless resource in the morning; give her an occupation, and something to wake up her thoughts.

"How old are they?" she asked.

"Who? Oh, the children," Kit returned. "May is twelve and Joan six, and"—with an air of unbiased judgment—"I really think Joan is a little the worst of the two."

Now, Kitty, you are too bad; I will not have it." Lady Belton's voice rose indignantly. "They are dear little girls, Nerine, though, like other people," with significance; "they sometimes let their spirits run away with them."

"May drives a tandem of donkeys all over the place, and Joan keeps a white rat in the nursery cupboard," remarked their elder sister. "And if you had been run away with and nearly killed by May and her donkeys as often as I have, or had that white rat dropped on your head in the dark, you would have an excellent idea of their spirits, mother."

"Oh, yes, that wretched beast!" Lady Belton shuddered and so, alas! did Nerine. "William," with severity, "I really think you should forbid Joan having that white rat. It is such a disgusting animal."

Sir William looked up mildly from his bunch of raisins.

"Why don't you, my dear?" was all he said; but Kit laughed outright, and Lady Belton rose rather majestically from the table.

"Nerine, you must be tired," she said, hastily. "Come, Kitty, your father wants his cigar."

"Mother is going to forbid Joan to keep her rat," Kitty said to her father in a stage whisper, "for the seventy-second time."

And she hastened past her mother in the doorway to escape a just rebuke from the plump little lady whom every one adored and imposed upon, but never obeyed at all.

Nerine, seated in a deep soft chair by the drawing-room fire, wondered presently why she had ever had terrors about coming. It all seemed so easy, so simple and comfortable here. The house divided against itself at home seemed very

far off; Mr. Mayne a vague nuisance at worst; Satterlee—yes, even Satterlee—a dream!

Kit had disappeared immediately after dinner, and there was no one to help her out with the answers to Lady Belton's placid inquiries about the Satterlees, Maurice, her own home occupations and Agatha's.

"Mr. Mayne must be a very curious person," Lady Belton observed, "but well-meaning. Oh, well-meaning, of course!" She gave a shrewd glance at the quiet, handsome face opposite her. "And yet I don't know," slowly, "I found a letter lately which set me wondering. Did Kit tell you?"

Nerine shook her head. "Well, perhaps she forgot it; but if I can find it in the morning, I will show it to you. It was not exactly important, only odd."

She stopped abruptly, and Nerine sat silent without taking much heed of remarks which would have made Maurice give Lady Belton no peace till the letter was produced.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW OCCUPATION FOR NERINE.

"Where have you been, Kitty?" Lady Belton asked, as her daughter entered, arrayed in a tea-gown which seemed to be all lace.

"Changing my dress. Mother, don't you think Nerine ought to go to bed? She must be so tired! Oh, and I went in to see Miss Bruce; you never told me she had been in bed for two days."

"My dear child, how imprudent of you! I told you the poor woman was ill, and I meant to tell you not to go to see her till we were certain that her sore throat was not the beginning of something more serious. You are so rash, Kitty."

"I'm not so fussy about every little cold, like you and Miss Bruce, mother. I believe you both enjoy your casual ailments."

"Never mind what I enjoy now, Kitty. And remember that I really forbid you to go and see Miss Bruce until the doctor is sure that she has not anything worse than a cold." Lady Belton was as ruffled as a cross canary bird. "Now understand me, Kitty. I mean it. I am not going to have you and all the children taking scarlatina. For one thing, it might utterly prevent our going up to town, and I suppose you mean to be presented this season!"

Kit laughed. "Oh, you silly old mother!" said she, as she kissed her. "Nobody has scarlatina, and nobody is going to have it. Of course, I meant to be presented! Hasn't my gown been ordered?"

"Ordered long ago." Her annoyance subsiding, for before Kit's visit to Lispenard House she had shied off undisguisedly from going to London at all. "And if you are a good girl we shall leave here in time for the last drawing-room is March."

Nerine gave a little start. They were well into February now. That meant that in three weeks she must return to Lispenard House, and her heart sank a little, though of course she could not expect Lady Belton to take her up to town.

The thought made her look so weary that her hostess saw it.

"My dear child, you must go to your bed," she said with a kindly glance, "and you, too, Kit. Oh, yes, be off with you now; we do not want any pale cheeks in the morning. I think you will be comfortable next to Kitty," as she bade Nerine good night, "and if there is anything that Kit forgets to see that you have, you must ask for it as you would at home. Go and say good night to your father, Kitty, and don't sit in that cold room of his till all hours."

Kit laughed as she left the room. "Mother has a 'don't' for everything, but we never mind her. She means well. I'll come up with you before I go to say good night to father, you look so tired."

Tired Nerine was, but as the door closed upon Kitty she looked about her with a delicious sense of the utter luxury of being tired in such a place. The warm room, the soft water, the heaps of towels, were each one a fresh joy; the brass bed with its spring mattresses a revelation to her weary frame.

As she lay watching the flicker of the fire on the tiled hearth with its brass fittings, she wondered dreamily what Lady Belton had meant about a letter. Was it about them, or whom? It did not matter tonight anyhow; nothing—turning luxuriously in her soft linen sheets—mattered tonight but going to sleep.

She must have gone to sleep at once, for it did not seem a minute since she had watched the firelight on the glistening tiles when there was a knock at her door. But the knock meant eight o'clock, and tea and thin bread and butter; and having her bath filled with fresh cold water when the shutters were opened to let in the morning sun, and the fire burned freshly in the grate.

She felt a different being, by the time she was ready for breakfast, from the girl who had arrived weary and dejected on the previous day. How lovely the country looked, even though it was winter, she noted as she leaned out of her open window; and the grass was quite green, so different from the water-soaked yellow fields at home.

She knocked smartly at Kit's door. "May I come in? Are you ready?"

A husky voice said something. Then Kitty's maid opened the door and came out.

"If you please, Miss Lispenard, Miss Belton says she had a bad cold, and would you tell my lady that she will not get up just yet? Miss Belton did not sleep well at all."

"Go down, Nerine, will you?" called Kitty, languidly, "and tell mother I'm all right, only sleepy."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



Comfort Sisters' Recipes

In Canning Time

IF the high cost of living had been as much in evidence in the days of the fable of the grasshopper and the ant I feel sure the foolish grasshopper would not have wasted his days in dancing but would have emulated the ant and laid in a supply of food for the winter months. Possibly he knew no better so was deserving of pity (though I believe the ant was painfully truthful and unsympathetic) but we have no excuse to offer and if we choose to let the substance of garden and field waste we have no one to blame but ourselves—particularly in these days of homecanning outfits or even the old-fashioned but dependable wash-boiler, which can be used with almost equally good results. Place a rack or trivet in the bottom of the boiler to insure the circulation of water below the jars. The time of cooking varies with different vegetables but with a little care and practice good results are obtained and the amateur gardener is rewarded for his or her labors all through the winter months by fruits and vegetables that taste almost as good as when first taken from the garden.—Ed.

STRAWBERRY SURPRISE.—One cup of strawberry juice and one tablespoon of lemon or orange juice mixed with three quarters of a cup of sugar. Whip the whites of two small eggs to a stiff froth, add the fruit juice



STRAWBERRY SURPRISE.

and sugar and one cup of cream and keep stirring until the mixture begins to thicken. Pour into glass serving dish and when stiff, cover with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with strawberries.

PLUM PRESERVE.—To eight quarts of green gages, or other plums, add four quarts of sugar and one quart of water. Prick the fruit and put in preserving kettle with cold water. Boil for five or six minutes and drain. Now put the quart of water in preserving kettle with four quarts of sugar and stir till sugar is dissolved. Boil five minutes, skimming occasionally. Into this syrup put the green gages and cook fifteen to twenty minutes. Put in sterilized jars.

PRESERVED CHERRIES AND CURRANTS.—Put one and one half quarts of currants in preserving kettle and boil, crush and strain through cheese-cloth, carefully saving all the juice. Stem and stone six quarts of cherries, losing as little juice as possible. Put the cherries, currant juice and one quart of sugar in preserving kettle and heat to boiling point, and skim. Let boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Put in sterilized jars or tumblers. Mrs. T. Augusta, Maine.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—To every pound of berries allow ten ounces of sugar and one quarter cup of water, or better still, that quantity of juice pressed from berries. Cook the sugar and juice to a thick syrup and let cool slightly. Put the berries into fruit jars and cover with the syrup; adjust the rubbers and covers. Surround with water of same temperature of jars and let boil twenty minutes. Tighten the covers, and store in cool place.

CANNED PEAS.—Choose for this purpose peas that are tender. Wash in cold water and scald by pouring boiling water over them and draining. Pack in glass jars. Fill to the brim with cold water and adjust rubbers and put covers on loosely. Put in wash-boiler filled nearly to cover of cans with cold water. Bring to boiling point and boil one hour, adding boiling water as it evaporates. The kettle should be covered. At the end of that time add boiling water to fill jars, fasten covers and cook half an hour longer.

RHUBARB JAM.—To six pounds of rhubarb add six pounds of sugar and six medium-sized lemons sliced thin. Cut the rhubarb in small pieces, put in large bowl, with lemons, and cover with sugar and let it stand twenty-four hours. Boil, without stirring for nearly an hour and seal in glasses, or cover with paper. M. M., Belfast, Maine.

TO CAN CHICKEN.—Dress the chicken, take out the bones of leg, thigh and breast; pack in cans, add salt to season. Fill cans one quarter full of water; put on a thick rubber, and place cap on loosely; set them on a rack in the bottom of wash-boiler, fill the boiler with cold water to within two and one half inches of top of cans; bring to boiling point and boil two and one half hours for young chicken. Always keep the cover on boiler and add more water as it evaporates. When done remove from the boiler, place fresh rubber bands and screw caps on tightly, setting on a warm surface to cool before putting away. Beef and pork can be canned the same way. A. H. K., Ohio.

FRUITED SPONGE OR CUP CAKES.—One half envelope Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, one quarter cup cold water, one cup sugar, two cups grated pineapple, one cup cream, one cup raisins, one cup currants, and one cup thick cream. Cook pineapple and sugar until thick then set aside to cool.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and let stand over boiling water till dissolved. When cool add to stiffly whipped cream, and beat into pineapple. Cut off tops of individual sponge or cup cakes, hollow out center and fill with above paste. Replace top of cake and cover all of cake with frosting and decorate with pieces of pineapple and figs. If desired, any fresh or canned fruit may be used in place of the pineapple for making the paste.

PEA SOUP.—One can of peas, strained, add boiling water to cover and cook till soft. Press through a strainer. Cream two tablespoons butter and two of flour, add one quart of milk, a teaspoon of salt, a dash

ice. Place the smaller tin box inside the larger and close the lid. Each morning remove the inner box, pour out the water, clean, and repack with ice. Keep the ice box in a cool, shady place.

This ice box, if properly cared for, and kept full of ice, will keep a day's supply of milk cool and sweet.

Precautions to be Observed in Preparing the Baby's Food

Everything that comes in contact with the baby's food must be clean. The hands should be washed with hot water, soap, nailbrush, and dried with a clean towel before touching anything that goes into the baby's mouth. The dishes used in preparing the food should be boiled and allowed to dry from their own heat. Do not use a dish towel.

Bottles

As soon as the baby has finished his feeding throw out any remaining milk, rinse the nursing bottle, and fill it with cold water. When ready to prepare the milk for the next twenty-four hours empty the bottles, wash them thoroughly with hot soap and a bottle brush, and then rinse and boil them for fifteen minutes. The bottles are then ready for filling.

of red pepper and one half teaspoon sugar. Add this to the strained peas and heat.

Mrs. CHAS. FRIEND, Rex, Oregon.
Mrs. OTTO GROWER, Bangor, Pa.

CREAMED CHICKEN.—One and one half cups of cooked chicken, cut in small cubes, two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, same amount of pepper, and one cup of thin cream. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, salt and pepper and milk. Add the chicken and serve on toast. Peas may be added to chicken if preferred.

MASHED POTATO CAKES.—Roll left over mashed potato into balls and flatten into cakes. Put in frying pan to cook, in hot bacon fat or drippings; brown on both sides. For baked cakes, place them on a buttered dish, put a small piece of butter on top of each and let cook until lightly browned.

CHEESE BLOCKS.—Mix thoroughly one cup of soft bread crumbs, one cup grated cheese, one egg, one quarter teaspoon salt, dash of paprika. Turn on a board, pat into a sheet one inch thick and cut in one-inch squares, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat until a golden brown.—Ed.

CHICKEN PATES.—Melt two tablespoons of butter in a sauce pan and gradually add two and one half tablespoons of dry flour, one third cup of hot chicken stock, one half cup of rich cream, five drops of onion juice, three teaspoons of lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. As soon as it boils, add one heaping cup of chopped chicken meat, and when all becomes hot again, serve at once in pate shells.

PATE SHELL PUFF PASTE.—Divide one cup of butter into quarter parts and chill. Sift three cups of flour several times and chop in one quarter part of butter and a scant half teaspoon of salt till mealy. The advantage of chopping instead of working with the fingers is to keep the butter from softening. Add ice water, a little at a time, till a firm dough is made, using a knife to stir it with. The less water used, the lighter will the paste be. Toss the dough in flour till well covered, and then onto rolling-board and roll till a little over an inch thick. Take a quarter of the butter, dredge with flour and roll into long strips and place down center of dough, then fold over the two sides of dough, double meeting at center, then fold ends to center and double once. Pound to a flat cake with rolling pin and then roll thin. Repeat till remaining quarters of butter are used, then fold again, and roll one third of an inch thick. Cut into rounds; cut rings



CHICKEN PATES.

from rounds, using ice-water between each to hold them together. Chill till stiff and bake in a very hot oven till brown, decreasing heat the last ten minutes.

BRAN GEMS.—Two cups of milk, one and one half cups of bran, one half cup whole wheat, one half cup bread flour, one egg, two tablespoons molasses, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon salt and one tablespoon butter. Mrs. J. E. D., Malden, Mass.

APPLE, ORANGE AND GRAPE SALAD.—Pare and cut one apple into dice and squeeze over it the juice of quarter of a lemon. Add one peeled and finely cut orange, one eighth cup of white grapes, cut into halves and seeded, three tablespoons of nut meats and one tablespoon of seedless raisins. Moisten with salad dressing and serve in nests of lettuce leaves.—Ed.

CORN HOMINY.—Put twelve large ears of corn in a kettle, pour in enough water to cover well then enough ash lye to make the corn skin slip by boiling one and one half hours. Take off, wash several times, or until the corn is clean and white, put in a clean kettle and cook until well done. Season with salt and meat fryings. It is then ready to serve. Mrs. SKELDON EATON, Cherryville, Mo.

RICE GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Pour one pint of warm, sweet milk over one and one half cups of boiled rice and stir until the grains are well separated. Add one tablespoon melted butter, the beaten yolks of three eggs and one cup of flour sifted with one and one half teaspoons baking powder (level), and one quarter teaspoon of salt. Beat thoroughly, stir in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake in small cakes on a well-greased griddle.—Ed.

TONGUE AND SPINACH.—Boil tongue in salt water, until it is tender, cut in thin slices, and pile it around spinach, which has been boiled until tender; drain, chop fine, and season with butter, salt and pepper. Pour over it a sauce made from one heaping teaspoon of flour, two tablespoons of butter, braided together, and stirred into a pint of milk until it thickens. MARY NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

FRENCH Dainties.—Two envelopes Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, four cups granulated sugar, one and one half cups boiling water and one half cup cold water. Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes.

Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one half teaspoon of the lemon flavor found in s e p a r a t e envelope, dissolved in one tablespoon of water, and one tablespoon lemon extract. To the other part add one half teaspoon extract of cloves and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.—Ed.



TONGUE AND SPINACH.

Nipples
Only nipples that can be kept clean easily should be used. They should be turned inside out, scrubbed, cleansed, and boiled. After boiling they should be kept covered in a clean, dry glass. Dirty nipples should not be kept with clean ones. Never use nipples connected with long glass or rubber tubes.

Directions for the Bottle Feeding of Babies
Complete instructions for bottle feeding cannot be given in a booklet like this. Babies that are artificially fed should be under the supervision of a physician, who should see them at regular intervals. Very young babies, or those that are not thriving, should always be seen once a week, while older healthy babies should be seen at least once a month, whether they are sick or well. The following rules and suggestions apply to all bottle-fed babies:

Before feeding warm the food to blood heat by putting the bottle in a vessel of warm water. Do not test the temperature of the milk by putting the nipple in your own mouth, but sprinkle a few drops on the inner surface of your arm. Be careful not to allow the food to become too hot and see that it does not cool too much while the



Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1/2 cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add 1/2 cup lemon juice. Strain into molds first dipped in cold water, and chill. Add dates, nuts, berries, oranges, bananas, fresh fruit—or canned fruit. If fruit is added to the jelly it may be served as a salad on crisp lettuce leaves, accompanying with mayonnaise or any salad dressing.

I KNOW every woman wants distinctive clothes and hats. Every woman should want distinctive table dainties. By using Knox Sparkling Gelatine you can combine your own personal ideas with our tested recipes. Each package makes four pints of jelly. Besides jellies you can make original and different Salads, Puddings, Candies, and other good things.

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BAKED PARSNIPS.—Take as many parsnips as are needed and pare, skin, wash and cut down center. Boil until almost done and then put in dish. Cover the parsnips with small pieces of butter and sprinkle a little pepper over them. Add a few drops of hot water and bake until brown.—Ed.

BROWNIES.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, two squares chocolate or cocoa to suit taste, three quarters cup pastry flour, one half cup chopped walnuts, Vanilla flavoring. Bake in sheet in moderate oven. No soda, cream of tartar or baking powder is used in these. Cut in strips. They will be better when two or three days old than when perfectly fresh.—Ed.

WHITE NUT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, pinch of salt, three teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of walnut meats, chopped fine, and flour to thicken. Use any desired flavoring. Mrs. HERMAN HAHN, Saginaw, Mich.

FRICASSEE OF PEAS.—Melt one and one half ounces of butter in a stewpan, add one ounce of flour and mix well. Pour in one half pint of boiling stock, add a pinch of pepper and a teaspoon of sugar. Simmer for five minutes, put in the peas (either shelled or canned) and shake them well. Warm thoroughly, add three tablespoons boiled ham, tongue or bacon, cut into very small pieces; garnish with croutons and serve hot.—Ed.

SPONGE CAKES.—Beat three egg yolks in a large cup till light yellow and scrape into mixing bowl and add one and one half cups of sugar and stir well together. Add one half cup of cold water and one teaspoon of vanilla and beat till creamy with egg



SPONGE CAKES.

beater. Add two cups of pastry flour to which has been added one half teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar. Beat one minute and lastly fold in without much beating the beaten whites of three eggs. Spread dough about an inch thick in pan and bake in moderate oven.

AMBROSIA.—Two oranges, two apples, two bananas, one cup of peaches, three slices of pineapples, a little juice of each and half a package of coconut. Chop all the fruits together, sprinkle coconut and one cup of sugar over all and let stand two hours. Serve. Mrs. R. W. WILLIAMS, Llano, Texas.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—For one dozen puffs use three eggs, one pint milk, one pint graham flour, one teaspoon sugar, one half teaspoon salt. Mix the graham flour, sugar and salt, beat the eggs till very light, add the milk, then pour it upon the dry ingredients and beat well for three minutes. Turn the batter into hot greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven one half hour.—Ed.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS.—Mix and sift twice two cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder and one half teaspoon of salt. Work in two tablespoons of butter with tips of fingers and add gradually three quarters of a cup of milk, mixing quickly with a knife. Cut out and bake in a quick oven.—Ed.

EGG DUMPLING.—Two eggs, slightly beaten, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon salt, two and one half cups flour, and two teaspoons baking powder. Drop from spoon into soup and let boil twenty minutes. Always light. Mrs. CLARA L. HOWLING, Ypsilanti, Mich.

FISH ON TOAST.—Pull a cup or more, as required, of salt codfish into bits, and soak a few hours. Heat a cup of cream and put into a saucepan with the soaked fish, add pepper and a little butter, let it become boiling hot, and serve on slices of nicely browned toast. If you have not the cream, use milk thickened to creamy consistency with a little flour, adding more butter. FANNIE V. TIDD, New York, N. Y.

United States Public Health Service.

Precautions to be Observed in Preparing the Baby's Food
This can be prevented by wrapping the bottle in a piece of flannel.

Hold the bottle for the baby throughout the feeding. Do not coax the baby to take more food than it wants and do not allow it to drink longer than twenty minutes from the bottle. If it takes longer, there is something the matter with the baby or with the nipple.

If there is any food left in the bottle, throw it away; do not give it to the baby later.

—United States Public Health Service, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
After reading Lonely One's letter I could keep quiet no longer. My dear woman, you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill. If every woman reasoned as you do there would soon be no people in existence. God gave the right of motherhood to woman and I am sure that if there had been a better way of bringing children into the world He would have found it. The months are not endless as you seem to think. You are the guard of the little life God has entrusted to your keeping until prepared for its entry into the world. If you have your health and are capable of bearing a child and caring for it, do not adopt one for no matter how much you might love it, it could never be as much to you as your very own child would be. Put in your months of waiting in preparation for the little stranger. There is so much you can do. It is such a wonderful

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

The Masked Bridal

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Edith started to her feet, her face crimson.

Another moment she was in the street.

"Miss Allandale! I am more than glad to see you once more."

"Sorry to trouble you, but I have orders to take the lady into custody."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother pawns a valuable watch. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, the broker, who, dropping it into the drawer declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the grocer who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. She is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation. He redeems the watch, secures Edith's release and sends her home, where she finds her mother dying. After her death in reading letters, Edith learns she is an adopted daughter, the child of a dear friend, who believes she is legally a wife, until the father of her child admits his perjury and deserts her. Edith writes Mr. Bryant, giving no address and goes to Boston, securing a position as companion with Mrs. Gerald Goddard. Edith discovers there is a skeleton in the family, when Mrs. Goddard accuses her of attempting to steal her husband's affections. Emil Correlli, Mrs. Goddard's brother is persistent in his attentions to Edith; she tries to avoid him and decides to leave. Mrs. Goddard begs her to stay. Edith, going to walk renders assistance to Mrs. Stewart, who is attracted to her and shows agitation when she learns she is a companion to Mrs. Goddard. Edith needs a friend to come to her. Edith is overtaken by Emil Correlli. Nearing Mrs. Goddard's house, a woman, unknown to Edith addresses Emil in a foreign tongue. Realizing that Edith thinks there is something mysterious in his relation to this woman he endeavors to set it right, renews his protestations of love, offers marriage and is staggered by her refusal. Mrs. Goddard unfolds a scheme which cannot fail to make Edith Allen his wife, but Emil must go away. Mrs. Goddard plans with Edith for a "mid-winter frolic," at their country home. The housekeeper, Mrs. Weld, overhears Mr. Goddard entreating his wife for a certain document. Mrs. Goddard proposes a theatrical performance, entitled "The Masked Bridal." The guests arrive. Mrs. Weld takes a folded paper from Mrs. Goddard's jewel case; it vindicates her. Mrs. Goddard, having sent for Edith and seeing Mrs. Weld in an adjoining room devises a scheme to get her from meeting Edith to whom she explains that Miss Kerby and brother who have the leading parts, have been summoned home and requests Edith to supply Miss Kerby's place. Edith objects to what appears to be a deception. Over-persuaded she consents and veiled and masked the ceremony is performed. When she hears Mrs. Goddard congratulate Emil she grasps the duplicity and nearly falls senseless. Mrs. Goddard, returning to the ballroom asks Emil to introduce his friend, Mrs. Stewart. Meeting her, Mrs. Goddard calls her husband, who recognizes in Mrs. Stewart his former wife. Recovering from the shock Edith talks with Mrs. Goddard, who implores her to see Emil and forgive his deception. She listens to his entreaties and later his commands and utterly refuses to ever break bread at his table. The following morning Edith finds her door locked on the outside. Mrs. Goddard appears with an appetizing breakfast and with the information that she is to leave for Boston. Two notes, one from Gertrude Weld and the other from Isabel Stuart, are slipped beneath her door, each one assuring interest and protection. Realizing her only means of escape is from seeming compliance to their wishes, Edith returns with them to Boston and is shown to the guest chamber, which has been beautifully refurbished by Emil, who hopes to win his wife, with luxuries which only wealth can give. Giulia Fiorini, with her little boy, who has been recognized as Emil Correlli's wife gains admittance to Edith's room. Telling the story of her betrayal Edith assures her of her sympathy and that she has no love for Emil, and blesses her that she is saved from a fate she abhors.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I WILL RISE ABOVE MY SIN AND SHAME!"

EDITH'S strange visitor stood contemplating her with a look of mingled perplexity and sadness. "I shall be free!" Edith murmured again with a longdrawn sigh of relief. "for of course you will assert your claim upon him, and"—with a glance at the child—"he will not dare to deny it." "You are so anxious to be free? You would bless me for helping you to be free?" repeated her companion, studying the girl's face earnestly, questioningly. "Ah, yes; I was almost in despair when you came in," Edith replied, shivering, and with starting tears; "now I begin to hope that my life has not been utterly ruined." "My curse be upon him for all the evil he has done!" the woman cried, passionately. "Oh! how gladly would I break the bond that binds you to him, but—I have not the power; I have no claim upon him." Edith regarded her with astonishment. "No claim upon him?" she repeated, with another glance at the little one who was gazing from one to another with wondering eyes. The mother's glance followed hers, and an expression of despair swept over her face. "Oh, Holy Virgin, pity me!" she moaned. Then lifting her heavy eyes once more to Edith, she continued, falteringly: "The boy is his and—mine; but—I have no legal claim upon him—I am no wife." For a moment after this humiliating confession there was an unbroken silence in that elegant room. At length Edith raised her hand and laid it half-timidly, but with exceeding kindness, upon the other's shoulder.

"I understand you now," Edith said, gently, "and I am very sorry." The words were very simple and commonplace; but they proved too much for the mother's self-possession, and, with a moan of anguish, throwing herself upon her knees beside her child, she clasped him convulsively in her arms and burst into a flood of weeping. "Oh! my poor, innocent baby! to think that this curse must rest upon you all your life—it breaks my heart!" she moaned, while she passionately covered his head and face with kisses. They tell me there is a God," she went on, hoarsely, as she again struggled to her feet, "but I do not believe it—no God of love would ever create monsters like Emil Correlli, and allow them to deceive and ruin innocent girls, blackening their pure souls and turning them to fiends incarnate! Yes, I mean it," she panted, as she caught Edith's look of horror at her irreverent and reckless expressions. "Listen!" she continued, eagerly. "Only three years ago I was a pure and happy girl, living with my parents in my native land—fair, beautiful, sunny Italy—" "Italy?" breathlessly interposed Edith, as she suddenly remembered that she also had been born in that far Southern clime. Then she grew suddenly pale as she caught the eyes of the little one gazing curiously into her face, and also remembered that "the curse" which his mother had but a moment before so deplored, rested upon her as well. Involuntarily, she took his little hand, and lifting it to her lips, imprinted a soft caress upon it, at which the child smiled, showing his pretty white teeth, and murmured some fond term in Italian. "You are an angel not to hate us both," said his mother, a sudden warmth in her tones, a gleam of gratitude in her dusky eyes. "But were you ever in Italy?" she added. "Yes, when I was a little child; but I do not remember anything about it," said Edith, with a sigh. "Do not stand with the child in your arms," she added, thoughtfully. "Come, sit here, and then you can go on with what you were going to tell me." And, with a little sense of malicious triumph, Edith pulled forward the beautiful rocker of carved ivory, and saw the woman sink wearily into it with a feeling of keen satisfaction. It seemed to her like the irony of fate that it should be thus occupied for the first time. "My father was an olive grower, and owned a large vineyard besides, in the suburbs of Rome. He was a man of ample means, and took no little pride in the pretty home which he was enabled to provide for his family. My mother was a beautiful woman, somewhat above him socially, although I never knew her to refer to the fact, and I was their only child. "Like many other fond parents who have but one upon whom to expend their love and money, they thought I must be carefully reared and educated—nothing was considered too good for me, and I had every advantage which they could bestow. I was happy—I led an ideal life until I was seventeen years of age. When carnival time came around, we all went in to Rome to join in the festivities, and there I met my fate, in the form of Emil Correlli." "Ah! but I thought that he was a Frenchman!" interposed Edith, in surprise. "His father was a Frenchman, but his mother was born and reared in Italy, where, in Rome, he studied under the great sculptor, Powers," her guest explained. Then she resumed: "We met just as we were both entering the church of St. Peter's. He accidentally jostled me; then, as he turned to apologize, our eyes met, and from that moment my fate was sealed. I cannot tell you all that followed, dear lady, it would take too long; but, during the next three months it seemed to me as if I were living in Paradise. Before half that time had passed, Emil had confessed his love for me, and made an excuse to see me almost every day. But my parents did not approve; they objected to his attentions; his mother, they learned by some means, belonged to a noble family, and lords and counts should not mate with peasants," they said. "Then I made the fatal mistake of disobeying them and meeting my lover in secret. Ah, lady, she here interposed with a bitter sigh, "the rest is but the old story of man's deception and a maiden's blind confidence in him; and when, all too late, I discovered my error, there seemed but one thing for me to do, and that was to flee with him to America, whither he was coming to pursue his profession in a great city." "And—did he not offer to—marry you before you came?" queried Edith, aghast. "No," he pretended that he dared not—he was so well-known in Rome that the secret would be sure to be discovered, he said, and then my father would separate us forever; but he promised that when we arrived in New York, he would make everything all right; therefore, I still blindly trusting him, let him lead me whither he would. "I was very ill during the passage, and for weeks following our arrival, and so the time slipped rapidly by without the consummation of my hopes, and though he gave me a pleasant home and everything that I wished for in the house where we lived, even allowing it to appear that I was his wife, we had not been here long before I saw that he was beginning to tire of me. I did everything I could to keep his love, I studied tirelessly to master the language of the

country, and kept myself posted upon art and subjects which interested him most, in order to make myself companionable to him. Time after time I entreated him to right the wrong he was doing me and another, who would soon come either into the shelter of his fatherhood or to inherit the stigma of a dishonored mother; but he always had some excuse with which to put me off. At last this little one came"—she said, folding the child more closely in her arms—"and I had something pure and sweet to love, even though I was heart-broken over knowing that a blight must always rest upon his life, and something to occupy the weary hours which, at times, hung so heavily upon my hands. After that Emil seemed to become more and more indifferent to me—there would be weeks at a time that I would not see him at all; I used sometimes to think that the boy was a reproach to him, and he could not bear the stings of his own conscience in his presence." "Ah," interposed Edith, with a scornful curl of her red lips, "such men have no conscience; they live only to gratify their selfish impulses." "Perhaps; while those they wrong live on and on, with a never-dying worm gnawing at their vitals," returned her companion, repressing a sob. "At last," she resumed, "I began to grow jealous of him, and to spy upon his movements. I discovered that he went a great deal to one of the up-town hotels, and I sometimes saw him go out with a handsome woman, whom I afterward learned was his sister—the Mrs. Goddard, who lives here, and who visits New York several times every year. I did not mind so much when I discovered the relationship between them, although I suffered many a bitter pang to see how fond they were of each other, while I was starving for some expression of his love. "This went on for nearly two years; then about two months ago, Emil disappeared from New York, without saying anything to me of his intentions, although he left plenty of money deposited to my account. He was always generous in that way, and insisted that I no must have everything he wished or needed—I am sure he is fond of the child, in spite of everything. By perseverance and ceaseless inquiry, I finally learned that he had come to Boston, and I immediately followed him. I am suspicious and jealous by nature, like all my people, and that day, when I saw him walking with you, and looking at you just as he used to look at me in those old delicious days in Italy, all the passion of my nature was aroused to arms. Braving everything, I rushed over to him and denounced him for his treachery to me, also accusing him of making love to you." "And did it seem to you that I was receiving his attentions with pleasure?" questioned Edith. "I assure you he had forced his company upon me, and I only endured it to save making a scene in the street. "I did not stop to reason about your appearance," said the woman; "at least not further than to realize that you were very lovely, and just the style of beauty to attract Emil; but he swore to me that you were only the companion of his sister, and he had only met you on the street by accident—that you were nothing to him. He asked me to tell him where he could find me, and promised that he would come to me later. He kept his word, and having visited me every few days ever since, treating me most kindly than for a long time, but insisting that I must keep entirely out of the way of his sister. And so it came upon me like a deadly blow when I read that account of his marriage in yesterday's paper. I was wrought up to a perfect frenzy, especially when I came to the statement that Monsieur and Madam Correlli would return immediately to Boston, but leave soon after for a trip South and West, and ultimately sail for Europe. That was more than outraged nature could bear, and I vowed that I would wreak a swift and sure revenge upon you both, and so, for two days, I have haunted this house, seeking for an opportunity to gain an entrance unobserved. I saw you sitting at the window—I recognized you instantly. I believed, of course, that you were a willing bride, and imagined that if I could get in I should find you both in this room. While I watched my chance, one of the servants came to the area door to let in the gas-man, and carelessly left it ajar, while she went back with him into one of the rooms. In a moment I was in the lower hall, looking for a back stairway; if any one had found me I was going to beg a drink of water for my child. There was a door there, but it was locked; but desperation makes one keen, and I was not long in finding a key hanging up on a nail beneath a widow-sill. The next instant the door was unlocked, and I on my way up-stairs—" "And the key! oh! what did you do with the key?" breathlessly interposed Edith, grasping at this unexpected chance to escape. "I have it here, lady," said her companion, as she produced it. "I thought it might be convenient for me to go out the same way, so took possession of it." "Ah, then the door to the back stairway is still unlocked?" breathed Edith, with trembling lips. "Yes; I did not stop to lock it after me; I hurried straight up here, but—expecting to have a very different interview from what I have had," responded the woman, with a heavy sigh. "Now, lady, you have my story," she continued, after a moment of silence, "you can see that I have been deeply wronged, and though from a moral standpoint, I have every claim upon Emil

Correlli, yet legally, I have none whatever; and, unless you can prove some flaw in that ceremony of night before last—prove that he fraudulently tricked you into a marriage with him, you are irrevocably bound to him." Edith shivered with pain and abhorrence at these last words, but she did not respond to them in any way. "I came here with hatred in my heart toward you," the other went on, "but I shall go away blessing you for your kindness to me; for, instead of shrinking from me, as one defiled and too depraved to be tolerated, you have held out the hand of sympathy to me and listened patiently and pityingly to the story of my wrongs." As she concluded, she dropped her face upon the head of her child with a weary, disheartened air that touched Edith deeply. "Will you tell me your name?" she questioned, gently, after a moment or two of silence. "Pardon me," she added, flushing, as her companion looked up sharply, "I am not curious, but I do not know how to address you." "Giulia Fiorini. Holy Mother forgive me the shame I have brought upon it!" she returned, with a sob. "I have called him"—laying her trembling hand upon the soft, silky curls of her child—"I no Emil." "Thank you," said Edith, "and for your confidence in me as well. You have been greatly wronged; and if there is any justice or humanity in law, this tie which so fetters me, shall be annulled; then, perchance, Monsieur Correlli may be persuaded to do what is right toward you." "No, lady, I have no hope of that," said Giulia, dejectedly, "for when a man begins to tire of the woman whom he has injured he also begins to despise her, and to consider himself ill-used because she even dares to exist." "Perhaps you would wish to repudiate him?" "Oh, no; much as I have suffered, I still love Emil, and would gladly serve him for the remainder of my life, if he would but honor me with his name; but I know him too well ever to hope for that—I know that he is utterly selfish and would mercilessly set his heel upon me if I should attempt to stand in the way of his purposes. There is nothing left for me but to go back to my own country, confess my sin to my parents, and hide myself from the world until I die." "Ah! but you forget that you have your child to rear and educate, his mind and life to mold, and—try to make him a better man than his father," said Edith. "Oh, that you should have thought of that, when I, his mother, forget my duty to him, and think only of my own unhappiness!" sobbed the conscience-stricken girl. "Yesterday I told myself that I would send I no to him, and then end my misery forever." "Don't!" exclaimed Edith, her face almost convulsed with pain. "Your life belongs to God, and—this baby. Live above your trouble, Giulia; never let your darling have the pain and shame of learning that his mother was a suicide. If you have made one mistake, do not imagine that you can expiate it by committing another a hundred-fold worse. Ah! think what comfort there would be in rearing your boy to a noble manhood, and then hear him say, 'What I am my mother has made me!'" "Oh, you have saved me!" the unhappy woman sobbed; "you have poured oil into my wounds. I will do as you say—I will rise above my sin and shame; and if I no lives to be an honor to himself and the world, I shall tell him of the angel who saved us both. I am very sorry for you," she added, looking, regretfully, up at Edith. "I could almost lay down my life for you now; but—Correlli is rich—very rich, and you may, perhaps, be able to get some comfort out of life by—"

Edith started to her feet, her face crimson. "What?" she cried, scornfully, "do you suppose that I could ever take pleasure in spending even one dollar of his money? Look there!" pointing to the elegant apparel upon the bed. "I found all those waiting when I came here today. In the dressing-case yonder there are laces, jewels, and fine raiment of every description, but I would go in rags before I would make use of a single article. I loathe the sight of them," she added, shuddering. "I should feel degraded, indeed, could I experience one moment of pleasure arrayed in them." Suddenly she started, and looked at her watch, a wild hope animating her. "It was exactly quarter past two. A train left for New York, via the Boston & Albany Railroad, at three o'clock. If she could reach the Columbus avenue station, which was less than fifteen minutes' walk from Commonwealth avenue, without being missed, she would be in New York by nine o'clock, and safe, for a time at least, from the man she both hated and feared.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SURPRISE AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION. "Will you help me?" Edith eagerly inquired, turning to her companion, who had regarded her wonderingly while she repudiated the costly gifts

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Love and best wishes to all, Mrs. F. W.

MRS. A. B. C.

Mrs. Edwards. Your little Camille is a problem to me, too, but let us hope some of the good

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



NOVELTY silk, organdie, crepe, batiste, embroidered voile, bordered fabric, foulards and lawn are all lovely for summer frocks, and when all has been said about styles and fashions, it is after all really the simple frock that stays longest in style, and that lends itself to each and every material.

A dainty pattern in organdie or lawn may be trimmed with a solid color in taffeta or crepe, and have a girde or sash of the same material, or a simple belt of black velvet ribbon.

Pattern Descriptions
ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
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2040—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This style is attractive for the new organdies, lawns, and crepes, and is also nice for linen, chambray, shantung, wash silks, poplin and chiffon cloth.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18, and 20 years. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

2062—Ladies' Waist with sleeve in either of two lengths. The new crepes and silks will be lovely for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2051—Boys' Russian Suit. Galatea, seersucker, gingham, linen, drill, linene, corduroy and other wash fabrics are good for its development.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a five-year size.

2054—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, chambray, linen, percale and lawn are good for this style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2069—An Ideal Play Suit and comfortable school dress. In cool lawn or dimity, serviceable gingham or seersucker, this model will be very desirable. It is also nice for pique, linen, drill, repp and poplin. The bloomers are cut with comfortable fullness and will take the place of underskirts.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires three yards for the dress and one and five eighths yard for the bloomers, of 44-inch material.

2042—Ladies' Apron. This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2026—Ladies' Waist with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The model is good for taffeta, satin, crepe, crepe de chine, chiffon cloth, lace and net.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2019—Girls' One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This is a good style for wash dresses, and is also nice for serge, gabardine, plaid and checked suiting. It will look well in linen and taffeta.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

2038—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Dotted chaille, lawn or Swiss, with lawn or a contrasting material for trimming, would be nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a two-year size.

2067—Ladies' One-piece Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Satin, gabardine, serge, linen, voile, drill, gingham and other wash fabrics are nice for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 36-inch size, six yards of 44-inch material.

2061—Blouse. 2063—Skirt. A Charming Sport Beach Costume. Blouse 2061 cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Skirt 2063. Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and seven eighths yards of founcing or bordered material 48 inches wide, or four and one half yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.

2092—A Smart Seasonable Model. This style is good for Jersey cloth, gabardine, serge, wash satin, taffeta, linen, drill, voile, gingham and chambray.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires four yards for the coat and three yards for the skirt, of 36-inch material for a 16-year size.

2030—Boys' Blouse Suit, with or without shield and yoke facing, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is fine for wash fabrics, such as galatea, drill, linen, linene, corduroy, seersucker, gingham and chambray.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a three-year size.

2009—A Comfortable and an Attractive Lounging Robe. This model is lovely for cotton or silk crepe, for lawn, cashmere, silk, satin or gabardine.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and five eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 34-inch size.

1724—A Smart and Simple School Dress with Bloomers. Galatea, lawn, percale, voile, gingham, batiste, serge, tub silk, crepe and chaille could be used for this model.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and one and one quarter yard for the bloomers, for a four-year size.

2077—Boys' Rompers with sleeve in either of two lengths. The model is good for serge, flannel, gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, galatea or linen.

Cut in five sizes; two, three, four, five and six years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

2046—Ladies' House Dress. In dotted percale, checked gingham, striped seersucker, this model will be very pretty. It is also nice for poplin, repp, linen, corduroy, drill for tub silks, gabardine and crepe.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2064—A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. This style is good for any of the materials now in vogue. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

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2052—Ladies' Apron. Gingham, lawn, seersucker, chambray, drill, linen, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen are all good apron materials. The garment may be slipped over the head or closed on the shoulders.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2057—Girls' One-piece Dress with Guimpe. In shantung, linen, chambray, seersucker, gingham,

drill, or percale, this model is very attractive. The guimpe may be of self or contrasting material.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires one and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and four and one quarter yards for the dress, for a 12-year size.

1788—A Comfortable Morning Dress. This model may be finished with a sleeve in wrist length or with a bell sleeve at elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2039—Girls' Dress to be slipped over the head. This style is nice for linen, drill, galatea, poplin, shantung, gabardine, lawn, percale, gingham and chambray.



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2065—Ladies' Skirt in Raised Waistline. This model is attractive for all of this season's dress materials. It has three gores. The pockets, which are unique in their shaping, may be omitted.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

2028—A Smart Shirt-waist with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style could be made very attractive in silk, satin, or shantung, with trimming in a contrasting color on pockets, cuffs and collar.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2056—A Becoming Dress for the Growing Girl. This design is fine for crepe, foulard, chiffon cloth, wash silk, chaille, lawn, batiste, and other soft fabrics.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

2048—Ladies' Camisole. Batiste, nainsook, muslin, crepe, satin, and silk are all nice for this style. Lace or embroidered edging are nice for trimming.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires one and three eighths yard of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2049—Ladies' Under-skirt, with or without flounce. This style is good for muslin, cambric, linene, drill, seersucker, gingham, sateen, silk or satin.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material for skirt with flounce and four yards without flounce, for a 24-inch size.

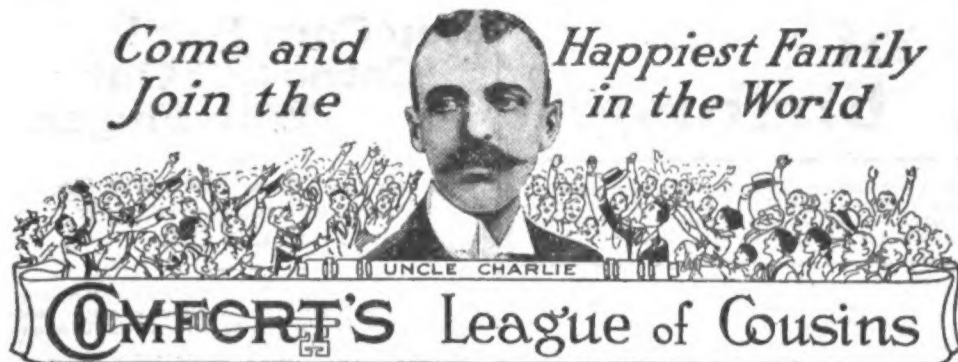
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Sculpture on a Large Scale

A whole army is to be carved out of a granite slope near Atlanta, Georgia, if the plans of the committee, chosen by the people of the South go through. The gigantic statuary, when completed, will be nearly two miles long, and will represent an entire fighting force. A general, from each state of the Confederacy, will be hewn there, out of the imperishable rock, and a line of standing soldiers will stretch out, life size, in imposing grandeur. Around the figures, a park of eighty acres will be laid out, and, in suitable buildings, relics and treasures of the war period will be preserved for posterity. Already, a master sculptor has been engaged and contributions are pouring in; it being estimated, that, at least, two million dollars will be needed to complete the work. Besides the actual replicas of the fighting men, there will be other sculptured representations of the Confederacy. One idea, already decided on, is to have thirteen immense columns to make a state group. It will require the services of hundreds of the highest skilled artisans to execute the magnificent design now contemplated, and as most of them will be working with heart and soul, as well as hands, the project may be said to resemble the exquisitely planned cathedral building projects of the middle ages.

MUST HAVE THREE CHILDREN.—E. J. Sprague of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, speaking before the American Genetic Association, said that if the population of this country is to be kept at the present size, every married woman will have to bring to maturity three children at least. Many poor people, according to him, have more children than they can afford, but with respect to the average middle

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GLORIOUS news! The greatest news since Christ was born. Over the royal palaces of the tyrant Czars, floats the red flag of world-wide brotherhood. Just one swift jolt, and the whole rotten structure of Russian imperialism tumbled to earth like a piece of putrid cheese. It was a glorious day for the common people the world over, but a mighty bad day for tyrants, despots and exploiters. They saw the hand of fate writing their doom on the walls of time: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Kaiser Billy is trembling in his shoes. For he knows it is his turn to get the boot next. He has worked the king business for all it is worth, and has succeeded only because his subjects were taught in the cradle to look up to him as senior partner in the firm of Me and Gott, and what you are taught in the cradle is mighty hard to shake off. Billy has been able to hypnotize his seventy million subjects into believing he was necessary to their existence, and only as they worshipped him and were loyal to his house, could Germany prosper and be strong. That kind of rubbish was all right for the dark ages, but people who do their own thinking won't stand for the divine right rot in these enlightened days. Billy has been able to put his dope over because he has been a little more clever than other parasites who are engaged in the king business, and he has thrown a lot of reform bones to his docile subjects, just as bones are thrown to hungry dogs to keep them from biting and fit for fighting, but though they got the bones they were never allowed to get near the real meat of democratic self-government. The Russian revolution has immensely heartened every lover of real freedom and liberty in Germany. A socialist member in the Reichstag recently shouted: "I should be proud if there were such progress in our country as the Russian people have made. This feudal system of government must go," and he told Bethmann-Hollweg that he was nothing but "a big leaf of military absolutism," that "Prussian militarism was responsible for all the bloodshed in Europe," that "the people would not breathe freely until it was removed."

Now if the German people will only do to divine right Billy what the Russian people have done to divine right Nickey, they can have a German republic that will beat anything they ever had under the monarchy, and settled peace the world over. That kick up in Russia has been an awful jolt to our foreign-born worshippers of royal despots, many of whom want to lag behind even republicanism. The Russian hated his chains, the Prussian kissed his because they were gilded, and he not only kissed them but he wanted to adorn the whole of humanity with the same brand of Hohenzollern fetters, and nearly succeeded, but we thank God the world got wise to the danger in the nick of time. If you doubt it listen to this. Six hundred office boys are drilling with broomsticks on Governor's Island, our one competent general had been relieved of his command and sent South where he can do no harm, and in a school in a Jewish district in Brooklyn, four out of several hundred scholars have actually signed a pledge of loyalty which the Mayor of New York has had circulated—the balance refused. The New Rockaway fort is adorned with pop guns that can shoot nearly half a mile, and Uncle Sam has crawled from under his bed and said he is Uncle Sam no longer. Yes, Sirree! Uncle Sam is the real thing this time and the only notes he will write from now on will be hurled from the mouths of cannon. In other words we are at war, and at war with the world's most efficient and ruthless military despotism, at war in our usual happy-go-lucky style. At the present rate of recruiting we shall have an army in two hundred years—maybe. But don't worry, we'll strike our gait presently, and if the foreign language press does not object maybe we'll actually be allowed to drop the broomsticks and grab a gun. Everybody that had the vision of a blind bat knew that this war would come sooner or later, but politicians angling for hyphenate votes did not want to spring the real truth on the people. Even the most peaceful and docile nation in the world will eventually get tired of having its citizens murdered by the wholesale. We have some task before us. An army is useless without officers. It takes a year to make the poorest kind of a soldier, and it takes three or four years to make a really capable officer, for war is a science today and not a game of hammer and tongs, and it is the side that can play the game in the most scientific way that wins out. During the first eleven months of the war Russia lost sixty thousand officers, that is ten times more than all the officers we have in this country, and we have only officers enough to properly handle a force of three hundred thousand men, and not one of these men ever handled even a division of 20,000 let alone an army corps of 40,000. We are woefully short of field artillery and of heavy guns of the siege variety, without which we are helpless, we have none. Our fleet is shy thousands of officers and men. Of late years every time we commissioned a super-dreadnought (and we have only twelve to Germany's twenty) we have had to take the crews of two or three of the older battleships to man it. This means that when we put one new ship in commission we have to put three out of commission, thus making the navy weaker instead of stronger. We have been voting money lavishly for ships but made no provision to man them. Ships without men are useless, and with untrained men and no officers they are still more useless. We have had years to get ready for this crisis, and as soon as this war broke out we should have raised and drilled an army of at least two million men, built scores of destroyers and sea-going submarines. We haven't a single long distance sea-going submarine by the way, and Germany has more air men than we have soldiers on foot, and we had by the way to borrow three hundred machine guns from Great Britain before we dared even to go into Mexico. We could and should have trained thousands of aviators and if we had done that instead of acting like simpering, sissified idiots, the Lusitania would never have been sunk, and not a single American life would have been taken on the high seas or anywhere else. We were told to be neutral in thought and deed, told that this war did not concern us and a lot of other nonsense for all of which we have to pay in blood and treasure, and we should be paying for it right now with

the best of our lives were not Johnny Bull's fleet keeping guard in the gray waters of the North Sea, and the men in the trenches of Northern France holding back a foe that would make these shores a shambles in a few hours but for their strong right arms. If you don't know this, we on the coast know it. Now after all our pussyfooting, simpering and shilly shallying, we have got to do our part because our weakness and our peace-at-any-price nonsense, instead of protecting us, inspired only contempt, and finally aggression. Our foes have ten million veteran soldiers in line. They have more implements of war than we can make in years. And think over this in the quiet hours of the night. The men of France, Great Britain and Italy have been ever haunted by the terrible thought of an alliance between Germany, Russia and Japan. This dire possibility has filled the thinkers of the world with a nameless dread. With Russia's limitless millions directed by German science and German genius, the Entente powers would have been quickly crushed, and then we should have been hit on all sides at once and crushed, too, like the shell of a rotten egg. The revolution in Russia, temporarily at least, has removed this frightful menace, but no one can tell what a day may bring forth. Russia has ninety millions of people who cannot read and her despotic ruling class will make a desperate effort to again get control. What Russia, too, has to fear is the extreme radical element, anarchists, dreamers and visionaries who want to force on the people an idealistic government which they will not be ready for a generation at least. It was this mad folly that spoiled the French revolution and made way for the insane ambitions of that military maniac, Napoleon. The whole world is in a critical condition. Now or never is the chance for democracy to assert itself and put feudal, fool kings and military despotism out of existence forever. If we could only send an army to fight side by side with those poor Russian peasants, struggling up toward liberty, what a glorious thing it would be. The stars and stripes and the red flag of brotherhood flying side by side. Ye gods what an inspiration! I have said time and again that wherever democracy needed a friend we should be on the job, and we ought to be in the middle of Europe right now auctioning off a big bunch of second-hand crowns, packing the dethroned monarchs off to St. Helena, and kicking Turkey out of Europe. This is the work God Almighty expects us to do. He gave us this vast and glorious country so we could prepare for such a job, and not lie down and rot in it like hogs. If God Almighty acts He will act only through His human instruments, and we of all people should be the ones to carry out His Divine mandates, ready to give peace, liberty and government for, of and by the people to all mankind. In this glorious task I know all Americans of German blood, especially those descended from the revolutionaries of '48, who flocked by thousands to these shores and gave us some of our best blood, will heartily cooperate. We are not fighting against, but for the German people, a people for whom we have every sympathy. Win this war, which is a holy war, a war of peoples against despots, a war of light against darkness, democracy against autocracy and the heaven on earth I have long predicted will soon be here.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them, they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort, and keep in your hands the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

LENOX, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sixteen years old, am black headed, dark eyes, not pretty but lazy. I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, am five feet two inches tall. Now if any of you ever meet anyone of those dimensions you may know it is I.

Wonder where you kids will spend your vacations? I spent mine in Kentucky last year. Uncle Charlie, tell me where to spend my next one.

My father and mother are still living. I have four brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers is at the hospital at present.

Uncle Charlie, do you know a remedy for stout people to reduce their flesh? We live on a farm, raise corn, cotton, hay and hogs, have an orchard, but believe me I don't hoe cotton.

Uncle Charlie, what do you think would suit me best? I like to work when there is anything in it, but don't like to work for nothing.

RUTH RICHARDSON.

Ruth, you are much too heavy for your age and height. Fat may make you lazy, and laziness may make you fat. You can reduce your weight by hard work, exercise and dieting. If you are anxious to reduce your weight quickly, I will make arrangements to have you sent to Belgium or one or other of the warring countries, where starvation is plentiful and keep any vacations, we are not going to have any vacations in this country this year. The United States is at war, and everyone must do his or her bit either on the firing line or the food line, to keep liberty alive in the world. You children short or tall, thin or fat can all help. Get a bit of ground, dig it up and plant something. Be a food producer. Our back garden is only as big as a postage stamp, but Maria and the Goat are doing their best to see that it produces something. If we only raise enough to feed one soldier at the

Drink Coca-Cola

There's a delicious freshness to the flavor of Coca-Cola suggestive of a glorious spring morning on the links—the cool, crisp air—the long stretch of green—the exhilarating thrill of a corking drive that clears the hazards and shoots straight down the middle of the course.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.

ATLANTA, GA.



front for five minutes we shall feel we have done something for our country and civilization. Get that hoe out Ruth, and fight the weeds until twenty-five pounds of that superfluous tissue of yours rolls off in honest perspiration. With food at its present high price there is plenty of money for those who are willing to work and even the children on the farms ought to have their pockets lined with money this year. Uncle Sam is throwing his money broadcast, and if there is anyone in the food industry that is not getting plenty of it it must be his fault.

GREEN FOREST, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you welcome a little stranger to your cozy little corner? I am eleven years old, four feet seven inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes also, and weigh seventy-one pounds. I go to Pleasant Valley school in Carroll Co., Ark. But I don't go to school now as our school was out about a month ago, and I am so lonely sometimes I hardly know what to do. I got first prize in my class for the most head marks. I have plenty to do most of the time as I live on a farm and there are plenty of rocks to pick. We live on a mountain known as the Pinnacle. We have goats, sheep, horses, cows and chickens. I am a member of the Poultry Club. And I hope Billy the goat won't get this. With best wishes to all,

Yours niece,

Why did your school quit doing business in the middle of winter, Rachel? If it had quit June 21, I would have understood it, but to close up a school in January, except in the Arctic regions is a crime. Better not have any schools at all than to make such a pitiful bluff at educating children, as is made in some sections of the country. We spend forty millions a year here in New York City for education, and that is more than is spent in the entire Russian Empire. We ought to get wonderful results from all that expenditure of money, but there is only one in a hundred of those who go to school, who find their way to college. I should be glad if those who live in your section will tell me why it is. My school is closed? With the churches shut up six days a week, and the schools shut up sometimes six months a year, what prospects have we of ever making this a worth-while, progressive nation? Both the churches and the schools should be open all the year round. The saloon, the blind tiger, the white slave den, the poolroom, the mill and the factory are working every hour of the day all the year round, while the church and the school are asleep the best part of the time. This is all wrong. Why don't you intelligent (?) male voters alter these conditions? It is about time you did.

WITT SPRINGS, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl eight years old. I have brown eyes and light brown hair. I have gone to school two years. I like to go to school. I will be promoted to the third grade this year. My school will begin the first of July. I will be glad when school begins. I expect to make a teacher. Then won't that be great, Uncle, when I can be a teacher for other boys and girls? I live with my uncle, my papa's brother.

I will close for this time, with love to Uncle Charlie and the cousins,

EVA FRANCES TUTTLE.

Eva, yours is a wonderful letter for a little girl of your age. What I appreciate about it is that you wrote it all by yourself, and that none of the folks helped you with it. So you are going to make a teacher are you? Good for you! The Goat wants to know whether or not you are going to make a male or female teacher. What an absurd question to ask a girl. If you're a blonde, Eva, of course the teacher will be a male brunette, with soulful dark eyes. The old Kentucky colonels always wore ferocious mustaches, you might let us know, Eva, whether you will decorate him with a soup strainer or not. Maybe you may tack on a little dinky one like that worn by Charlie Chaplin. Put plenty of muscles in his arms, Eva, so he can wallop the scholars that don't behave, and make his arm nice and long so it will reach round a lady's waist without bursting open the seams in his best Sunday Prince Albert. See that his hands are husky enough to

grip a sword or a rifle so that he can fight for his country when called on to defend it. Don't let any of the pacifists get in while you are making that teacher or they will cut his hands off, so he can't fight, and they'll spoil his appearance by giving him feet that will enable him to run a thousand miles a minute every time an enemy shows himself. Please see that he has no hip pocket for if he has and if he is a genuine Kentuckian, he'll inveigle a flask of moonshine juice into it at the first opportunity when no one is looking. Leave plenty of room for his brains and see that they are of a better brand than Pop possessed or you needn't trouble to make him. With these few instructions I think you can make a pretty good teacher, and the Lord knows good teachers are badly needed. The Goat says I'm all wrong as usual. He is positive that you meant to say, you intend to study to be a teacher, instead of making a teacher. I'm so glad we've got that all straightened out. It is inspiring to think of you a little girl only eight years of age dreaming great thoughts of the time when you will be a leader of boys and girls. Work hard, have high ideals and live up to them and you may be the first woman president of the United States. Now just think of that! There is something to strive for and only as we set ourselves big tasks to do and golden goals to attain is life worth while.

DUNDAS, VA.

MY DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl fifteen years old. I am asking for information. I feel sure you will write me something on this subject and I know you can. The subject is: Resolved: That the average young man of today has greater opportunities to make life a success financially than his forefathers. I would like for you to send me some of your best points on the negative and send through the mail, and if possible send it so that it may arrive at Dundas by Wednesday the fourteenth. I have read and heard so much of you that I don't feel a stranger to you at all. I am a girl that wants to learn all I possibly can with the few opportunities I have so that I may be successful in all my undertaking. I will appreciate anything you may send and all thanks for them.

BEULAH RANNEY.

The average man with little or no capital and less brains is not wanted under the present economic regime, except as a wage earner. He must either go up into the millionaire class or down into the wage-earning class, for the middle class is doomed. The day of individualism is drawing to a close and the era of collective effort is at hand. To discuss however, the subject outlined by you, Beulah, would take a whole edition of COMFORT, and it is a subject that had better be shelved for the present, as the war has brought about conditions that are abnormal, and even a blind monkey can get a good job and make more money today than a banker could fifty years ago. The prosperity we are enjoying, however, is purely artificial. Before the war boosted our industries and the Allies began to throw gold by the bucketful into this country, the soup kitchen was the most familiar object in the land, and bundle days, when people handed out rags to the unemployed, were only too frequent. Just what will happen when the war is over no one can tell. There may be a frightful slump, and again there may not be. A big section of Europe will need rebuilding. Machinery has been exhausted and worn out, but thirty million fighting men, when they return to the factories, may be able to do nearly all the reconstruction work without our aid, though they will want our raw materials. There will likely be an era of rigid economy to make up for the lavish expenditures of war. There will, in all probability, be a tremendous slump in wages in this country at least, and probably in all other countries as well. There will be an era of change and readjustment, both political and economic. One thing however is certain. Those who have fought and bled are not going back to their homes to submit to the old starvation regime. Wealth will have to circulate freely through all the veins of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Nerine ran lightly down the stairs, her fingertips on the broad banisters. What a banister to slide on of a wet day!

Breakfast was in a small, sunny room, and there was no one there but Lady Belton; Sir William had been out and away long ago; the younger children were profiting by Miss Bruce's absence to breakfast in the schoolroom with carelessness and riot. Poor Lady Belton received Nerine's message with a downcast shake of the head.

"I knew it!" dismally. "Will you take tea or coffee? You will find those kidneys nice, I think; or will you have some of that grill? Kitty is always so susceptible, and I knew she would take cold, for she sat talking to her father in that foolishly thin tea-gown until all hours. And the schoolroom maid tells me that Miss Bruce seems very feverish and wretched, so that I have sent off for the doctor at once. It is too bad, my dear, that Kitty has been so imprudent. I am afraid you will have a dull day."

"I wonder," said Nerine, hesitatingly, "if Kitty stays in bed, and you do not want me for anything, if you would let me teach the children a little."

Lady Belton's face brightened as she looked up from her letters and her toast. The children had been spending the past two or three mornings under her auspices and had been a woe and an affliction.

"You would not like it, really? I am afraid," with unwilling candor, "that you would find them a little trying."

"Perhaps they might not like being handed over to me," cheerfully, "but if you would let me pay them a visit and see how we get on."

"Really, it is too good-natured of you," Lady Belton spoke more gratefully than she knew. "I will take you to the schoolroom by and by, when I have seen Kit—and the doctor. But I warn you, my dear Nerine, that you are undertaking a good deal."

She rose as she spoke, for the doctor's carriage could be seen grinding up the steep avenue. "Finish your breakfast and I will come back for you."

Nerine was left alone with her half-finished breakfast and a pile of London papers.

"I wonder," she said aloud, getting up to refill her teacup—"what those children are like! They are evidently naughty, but they can't be any worse than I used to be!"

"Why, were you bad?" The unexpected voice made her jump. There was no one to be seen, but as she turned sharply round she saw there was a second door to the room. It was slightly ajar, and through the crack shone one large, bright eye.

Nerine laughed. "How long have you been there? And why don't you come in?"

The eye disappeared, then the door slowly opened and a young person in a short frock and spotless pinafore appeared.

"Are you Joan?" Nerine asked, and the child nodded.

"I came to see mother, but she's not here. Has she had her breakfast?" the child asked, shyly.

"Yes, have you?"

"Oh, some of it! I thought I might as well come down and have some of your marmalade," affably. "Can I sit in mother's place?"

"Where is your sister?"

"May? Oh, she went to feed the rabbits. Do you like rabbits?"

"I never saw any."

Joan's eyes opened perilously wide. This was beyond her imagination. Fancy a grown-up person who had never seen rabbits! She felt it must be sad to be so ignorant, and gracefully changed the subject.

"This is my rat," she remarked, calmly, and diving into the capacious front of her pinafore, she pulled out a most villainous-looking animal of a dingy white color, and set it down on the table.

Miss Nerine Lispenard repressed with some difficulty a start of horror as the rat advanced straight toward her.

"He is a beautiful rat," she said, politely. "Will he—will he come when you call him?" she asked, with haste and some strategy.

"Not if he smells bacon. There is a piece on your plate that would be nice for him."

Nerine held out the bacon on her fork, and, while it was being nibbled by the unwelcome animal, courageously stroked him.

Joan's eyes kindled.

"He thinks you are nice," she said after a moment of hesitation on the rat's part as to biting. "If mother or Kitty were to touch him, he would bite them in a minute," she proudly added.

"Don't you think he wants washing?" Miss Lispenard surveyed the grimy beast with inward distaste.

"Oh, yes. But he ran away for a week once

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss July will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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THE sign of Cancer rules from June 21st to July 22nd, and its power pertains especially to the principles of domestic life. When both father and mother are born under this influence, family ties may be very strong; the wife will be dearer than the bride, and the husband nobler than the lover. The sweet heritage of children will make the home a center of all joys. Southey in his search for reason of things, says: "A house



MISS JUNE.

is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years, and a kitten rising six weeks."

Parents will show no favoritism among the children, will give good example, and try to teach prudence and forethought in all things. Economy and industry will mark their efforts, that the children may enjoy educational privileges, and to make old age secure for themselves. Although the ever kind and sympathetic parent, the father love may be hidden behind authority, or its expression crowded out by the close application to business, thus bringing the children into closer relations with the mother, who will exhibit rare patience with their mistakes, their understanding, and their progress. Her lot may be very hard, for she will not shrink from sacrifice to her great, unselfish love for her children, in whom she can see no flaw. How wonderful are "Mother Eyes."

Mother Eyes

Could some famed scientist but analyze
The occult power that rests in Mother Eyes;

when I tried it. Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!" And Tommy whisked across the table and was pushed hastily into his old hiding place.

"I hear mother coming, and Tommy will chase her." She firmly held down her treasure as her mother entered.

"What, Joan, you here?" casting herself down on the first convenient chair and looking quite despairing. "Fancy, Nerine, the doctor assures me that Miss Bruce is certainly ill with scarlatina, and that he thinks it very likely that Kitty will develop it, as she seems so feverish. And I suppose that if I do not send May and Joan off to the seaside, they will get it, and that would mean missing the best part of my season in town. For, of course, if they were ill I couldn't leave."

"We hate the seaside," Joan's voice sounded very calm after her mother's. "We would rather stay at home and have scarlatina and eat jelly."

"I am afraid you must go, dear. And as for you, Nerine, I don't know what to say. I don't

could he equip each mortal with this sight
That looks through all the wrong and sees the right—

Perhaps the world would find that many a knave
Beneath his rascal's skin is true and brave,
And many a scoundrel, hated and reviled,
To this strange sight is but an errant child.

Oh, gentle-reader, Mother Eyes that dimly scan
A vacillating wreck—and see a man,
If this be blindness, then your God is true,
For all your pain he is rewarding you.

—William A. McGarry, in Life.

Children born under this sign of the zodiac are very sensitive, and will cry and struggle when put into the arms of a repulsive person. Every mother has had this experience with her children, but few understand its seriousness. The child should be the judge, and a repetition of the incident prevented. In matters of education they are very persistent, and the daughters incline to literature, while the sons to the manufacturing and trading sphere of life.

June Birth-stone is the Agate for Health and Long Life

As the agate symbolizes health and long life, so may being temperate in all things be called its key, so much does it have to do with a sound mind and body. Eating sparingly of simple food, cultivating regular habits, spending all the recreation hours out of doors, and keeping cheerful, are the best health producers given us, and yet least heeded, because they belong to the common events of life.

Life is a service, and if lived prudently and honorably, the advancing years will come naturally and without fear. The glint will die from the hair, the feet will lose their spring, and the roses fade from the cheeks, but if a face is marked by a long life beautifully lived, with senses unimpaired, youth realizes there is compensation for each year gone from life, and that if the heart and spirits be kept warm, the years will not count, though the body is old.

New dressed and happy appears Miss June in her bridal veil, as if to ask the blessings of health and a long life. "All the world loves a bride" is a true saying, and June in her garb of leaves and roses makes all the world seem hopeful, and a very fitting time to make a new beginning of life; a new starting point for happiness and usefulness.

If read aright, there is a very pretty thought in the old legend, that in ancient Boeotia brides were carried home in vehicles whose wheels were burned at the door, in token that they would never again be needed.

How to Make Miss June

A doll, artificial or fresh flowers, white crepe paper, white lace paper, a paper doiley and white netting are used to make Miss June. Make a full skirt with long train from the white crepe paper and shape an over-dress from lace paper. To the paper doiley attach common white net to represent the veil. Use white roses around the head and arrange a large bouquet for the right arm.

want to send you home, but I certainly should not like you to have this wretched malady."

"I don't think I should take it," with well-measured cheerfulness. "I am not a bit nervous." Better to have scarlatina for a year than to return to Lispenard House. "But of course, if I did, I should be a nuisance to you, and perhaps you would rather I went home at once."

In spite of herself her voice was a little husky. It was such a terrible disappointment to have to go home and face her own thoughts and her stepfather's company. It would be too, too lonely.

Joan looked at her mother.

"I will go to the seaside if she will come too," pointing a sticky finger at Nerine. "But I won't go with only May and nurse, and May won't go with only me and nurse; it's too dull."

"Would you go with them? Would it bore you terribly?" Poor Lady Belton was an abject slave to her youngest daughter, but even so she felt qualms about asking her guest to retire to a tiny

Stop Corn Pain!
Corns Lift Out
With Fingers

Few Drops Takes Soreness From
Corns and Calluses and
They Lift Off.

A noted Cincinnati chemist discovered a new ether compound and called it freezone and it now can be had in tiny bottles as here shown for a few cents from any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of freezone upon a tender corn or painful callus and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can just lift it off with the fingers.

No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying freezone or afterwards and it doesn't even irritate skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses just shrivel up and lift off so easily. It is wonderful! Seems magical. It works like a charm. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you from any wholesale house.

Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



village in the society of two children and a nurse. "Certainly I would, go, unless you want me here to nurse Kitty," Nerine spoke quite joyfully; anything would be so much better than returning to Lispenard House. "I could give them lessons in the morning, if you liked," with a laughing glance at Joan, who, strangely enough, said nothing.

"You are a dear girl to be so kind," Lady Belton looked mightily relieved, for the children were accustomed to ride rough-shod over their old nurse, but Nerine would be able to manage them. "I should feel so much happier if I knew you were there, to go about with them," she said gratefully. "I know you would not allow them to get drowned or run over."

"We are too old for that—eh, Joan?" the girl said, laughing. "I suppose I had better go upstairs and pack my things again."

"My maid will do that. But are you sure?" with a kindly detaining hand on her arm—"that you do not mind going?"

Nerine's lip trembled.

"I would so much rather than go back to Mr. Mayne," she said quickly, and went out of the room with some haste.

"Poor child!" Lady Belton thought, "to prefer a dreary sojourn with nurse and children to going home." She drew Joan to her, happily unconscious of the white rat.

"Why do you want her to go with you, dear? Just because you like her?"

Joan wriggled hastily away for fear of accidents.

"Because she likes my Tommy," she said firmly.

Lady Belton went cheerfully off to give orders about the packing. Never in all her days had she found any one who had made their way to Joan's heart by liking Tommy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOMMY IN HARD LUCK.

"Now, Miss May and Miss Joan," briskly, "we shall be at Combe in five minutes. Best tie your feather collars on and be quite ready to get out." And the nurse, who was stout, and of a smiling countenance, began to gather up the many stray belongings of her charges.

"Where are you going, May? Far from the station?"

Nerine looked up from her book as the children bounced excitedly over her feet. How funny it was to be going, she did not know where, with two children, she had never seen till today. She wondered what the farmhouse to which they were destined was like; she had never been in a farmhouse.

"It's not far when you ride."

"They have such a fat horse, but he hurries."

Both children spoke at once, and Joan clutched the covered basket which contained the cherished Tommy, while she gazed out of the carriage window.

"It's about a mile, Miss Lispenard," nurse said, respectfully, for she admired immensely the tall young lady who had "a way with her" which could awe Miss Joan into keeping the hated rat in his covered basket. "My lady said

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Crumbs of Comfort

Rich soils are oftenest to be weeded.
Law should be the perfection of reason.

Who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.
Death has many doors for us to go out at.

Woman conceals only what she does not know.
The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Let us believe what we can and hope for the rest.
When the Devil finds the door shut he goes away.

It is your pride, not your nature, that craves much.
A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.

The more vice looks like virtue, the more dangerous it is.
The morals of today are largely made up of appearances.

Friendship makes more happy marriages than love does.
We find nothing good in life, but what makes us forget it.

Better build schoolhouses for children than jails for adults.
A sweetheart is loved most, a wife best and a mother always.

Love is the dawn of marriage and marriage is the sunset of love.
Man never falls so low he can see nothing higher than himself.

Selfishness is the ugliest and meanest trait in the human character.
Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

Wise men learn by other men's mistakes; fools learn by their own.
To be happy one must ask neither the how, nor the why of life.

What we hope to be and are not is small comfort, and little credit.
The greatest country is that which has the greatest man or woman.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity of the New.
The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the cure of all the physicians.

War is a game which if the people were wise their leaders would not play at.
When you read, read the new things in science and the old things in literature.

There are three classes of men, the retrograde, the stationary and the progressive.
When we begin to listen for the voices we used to hear, we are beginning to listen for the voices of the angels.

Nothing makes old people, who were once attractive, more ridiculous than to forget that they are so no longer.
We should live with our enemies as if they may sometime become our friends, and live with our friends as if they may sometime become our enemies.



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THE Widow Jefferson, proprietress of the Halfway House between Mordant and Fairview, had just discharged the last of her servants.

"I'm sorry," she told the Mexican woman, who still lingered by the door-step. "You know the circumstances as well as I. Trade has fallen away to almost nothing. So few pass this way now."

"But the senora will be lonely!" with wide-open eyes. "I will stay without wages, senora!"

"I thank you for that," Mrs. Jefferson replied, "but I cannot allow you to do it. It wouldn't be fair to you."

Dolores shrugged her fat shoulders as Mexicans are forever shrugging their shoulders, took up her small bundle of clothing and went. The Widow Jefferson sighed. She had liked Dolores. The remainder of the day dragged heavily to this young woman who was braving the dangers of the borderland in order that she might support herself and her child. When she went to bed that night a big revolver of an old-fashioned frontier type and a Winchester rifle lay within easy reach of her hands. These weapons had belonged to her husband, Bowers Jefferson the Ranger, one-time terror to border thieves, and to the woman's mind his more than dauntless spirit still hovered about them. He had known, none better, how to shoot true and fast, and she had taught her to shoot true and fast. She knew that she could handle firearms better than most men. Thus assured, she fell asleep.

The sun was shining through a rent high in the adobe wall at the head of her bed when she awoke. Turning her head slowly, she looked tenderly upon the sleeping, dimpled face of her son; with gentle fingers she swept back a wayward curl that had strayed down over one of the tender-lidded, baby-blue eyes.

"Poor little boy," she murmured; and, as though he heard her voice, the child moved closer to her. "Poor little boy. You've got only a dog and a kitten—and a mother. You ought to go to school next year. If I had as much as a thousand dollars, I'd take you East, where there are schools. I'd open a restaurant, or something. I'd make it support us."

Slowly the red sun climbed higher and higher in its pale-blue sky and threw its shimmering rays over the vast dry plains like the blasts of a furnace. The mesquite, that chaplet of the desert, wrinkled its alkali-covered leaves as though in pain; the hot sand sparkled; the dim haze trembled in the purple distances; the coyotes, scavengers of the endless reaches, hid their lank bodies in their deepest lairs. Mrs. Jefferson went about her duties, as usual, trying to sing, as usual. But the songs wouldn't come. There was no melody in her heart; in her heart there was nothing save the vivid recollection of that bitter day, now exactly five years gone, when four cowmen had brought her Ranger husband home from the Rio Grande. She remembered so well the two blue-rimmed bullet holes in his breast, the waxen face, the bloodless lips that could speak to her no more. It had been a Gethsemane. A band of greasers had waylaid him.

On the front doorstep the child Bowers, named for his father, played with his year-old Mexican dog and his striped kitten. Suddenly the boy rose and looked down the long, hot streak that was the old stage road. A moment later he turned to his mother with an exclamation:

"Dust!"

Dust! Everything, thought the lone and lonely woman, was indeed dust. There was nothing left to her but dust. Life was all dust now.

"Mother, look!" cried the boy.

"Wonder," muttered Mrs. Jefferson, as one waking from a dream. She hastened to the doorway. Standing there, she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked westward over the alkali-lined road.

"It's a man on horseback," she finally said. The rider approached swiftly. The woman, watching with only ordinary interest, saw a youngish man, who was attired in the common clothing of the West and armed well, gallop a fire-breathing broncho up and past. All at once he drew his rein; then he spoke to his mount, turned and rode back to the Halfway House.

"I'm a horned toad," he declared, smiling. "If I knew there was a stoppin'-place this side of Mordant, I'd have half starved, ma'am. Can you accommodate me to a dinner? I'm not particular what it is, ma'am. Even a baked house cat'd go fine with me about now!"

"I'll have dinner for you in thirty minutes," quietly said Mrs. Jefferson. "There is a barn behind the house; you'll find something for your horse there; and just below it is the ore spring in the county. When you come back, take a chair in this room." She pointed to a doorway at her left.

"And how about a drink?" inquired the newcomer, while he twisted at a small blonde mustache.

"Water," said the woman, frowning. "I don't handle spirits."

"Water!" laughed the stranger. "Whoop-ee! I always thought water was for cows and to wash in! But I guess it's better'n nothin'."

The widow was making headway with a quick meal when her guest returned from the barn. She sighed as she noted that her supply of food was all too scant; but strong, strapping men were not usually hard to please in their eating, she knew.

The stranger had taken Bowers the second to his lap and was talking to him—evidently in a manner highly pleasing to the boy, for the dimpled face was all interest. Suddenly Bowers sprang from the big knees to the floor and brought an old guitar, one that Dolores had left. With a satisfied look the big brown man took the battered instrument and struck several chords readily. Then he began to lilting a rollicking Spanish buccaneer song for the pleasure of his youthful listener.

Mrs. Jefferson stopped her work and listened. It was a good voice, a rich voice. She found herself wondering—where had she seen that strong, yet boyish, face before? She stole to the room adjoining that from which came the song, and took a slightly yellowed newspaper from behind a picture frame. Opening the faded sheet, she spread it out on a little table and saw a likeness—all but the small blonde mustache—of that same stranger's face. Under the picture was a sentence that cried out that he was a fugitive from justice and that a reward of a thousand dollars would be paid for his capture, dead or alive! He was John McKenzie, the outlaw.

She caught up her revolver, thinking rapid-

ly. With the reward money, she could go East with her son and open a restaurant. But John McKenzie had taken her child by the hand, and, as the proverb says, herself by the heart thereby. Cautiously she moved toward the doorway, as yet undecided. The great pistol hung heavily in her small hand. Her lower lip trembled—and then set tightly against its mate; with a resolute look on her finely-molded face, she pulled the hammer of the Colt's back to a full and went on.

"Put up your hands!" she ordered in a voice that had neither weakness nor gentleness in its tones.

The outlaw looked toward her surprisedly, let the guitar fall to his lap, and raised his hands a little higher than his head.

"They're up, ma'am," he said easily, laughing. "It ain't such a big disgrace to be arrested by a woman, you know; they're ten times as apt to shoot as menfolk are. And, besides, it's sort o' nice to be caught by as pretty a woman as you—begging your pardon, of course, for the saying of it."

"Never mind that," replied the young widow. "Keep your hands where they are."

She went to him and took his pair of blued revolvers from their holsters, then crossed the room and threw the weapons into an open chest; a moment later, and she had closed the chest and locked it.

"Say, ma'am," begged John McKenzie, "won't you let me lower my arms? I promise good behavior."

"Lower them," agreed the woman. "But remember the reward is for dead or alive, and be careful. I can shoot. I'll be ready in a minute or two. We'll get on horses and go to Mordant then."

Again the big brown man smiled. He took up the guitar as complacently as though nothing had happened and resumed his apparently pleasant occupation of amusing the child. In a clear, strong voice he began to sing "Darling Sue," a pathetic, sentimental song that was popular at that day. And he began with the last four lines:

"Flowers that she loved so well,
Not the kind that townfolks sell,
Just some little wild bluebells—
I takes and lays 'em where my heart lies too!"

It sounded queer, coming from the lips of a bad man. In the tones there was a depth of feeling that was surprising. Behind the singer Mrs. Jefferson clutched at her throat as though something therein choked her; she pressed a hand to her full round bosom to still its trembling. There was a throng of memories, memories sweeter than life and sadder than death, crowding into her heart. The dust—the dust of life! Then with a great sob she dropped her revolver and rushed to the side of the man she had disarmed but a few minutes before. Down on her knees she went, with her hands clasped before her as she clasped them when she prayed in the silent hours to the Great Friend of lone and lonely women.

"I can't take you to Mordant, McKenzie," she cried brokenly. "Forgive me for trying—I needed the reward money so much, and that is why I tried—"

"I wouldn't feel like that, ma'am," said the outlaw, seriously, laying a brown hand on her sun-bright hair much as though he were priest in the act of bestowing a blessing. "Honest, ma'am, I wouldn't feel like that!"

"Forgive me!" the widow cried again. "I wanted the reward so badly, or wouldn't have tried it. I wanted to take my boy to the East, where there are schools; I could educate him there; I couldn't do it here. My husband's father cast him out when he married me, because I was an orphan and penniless; I can depend on nobody but myself."

John McKenzie rubbed his stubby chin thoughtfully. "What brought about the sudden change?"

"That song," quickly. "My husband used to sing it to me so much. He always called me 'Darling Sue.' My name is Sue—Sue Jefferson."

"Sue Jefferson," repeated McKenzie, with growing interest in his eyes. "Not a relative of Bowers Jefferson, the ranger?"

"His wife," she rose from her knees. "He was killed five years ago today, McKenzie. Oh, he was killed five years ago today, when our baby was only a few months old—"

"Killed!" the outlaw also had risen. He stood there staring at the woman with pain in his eyes. "Bowers Jefferson dead five years? I wonder why I never heard about it! Ma'am, I owe my life twice to your man. I liked him better than anybody else in the world. I rode a Bar-Q horse in his territory for years, and he found me in a close place with rustlers twice; each time they'd ha' fixed me if it hadn't been for him. That was before—I went bad. If I ain't bad mistaken, I learned the 'Darlin' Sue' song from your husband."

The wife and baby of Bowers Jefferson shall never suffer while I'm alive, ma'am. You get ready for a trip. You're goin' to take me to the Big Town and claim the thousand dollars, that's what you're goin' to do."

"I can't," moaned the woman. "I tell you, I can't!"

McKenzie seized her wrists and held them tightly. "But you can, you will, you've got to!" he declared. "Think about your little boy. He's got to be educated, and you sure can't do it out here—now can you? I'll get out of jail, all right; you needn't have any fears about that part of it. You've got a sort of wagon, I saw it. We'll go in it. You can drive in the daytime, and I'll sleep in the wagon; I'll have to stand guard at night, you know. Get ready, ma'am!" He dropped her wrists.

Mrs. Jefferson looked long and thoughtfully into the deep gray eyes of the big man who had sung her husband's song. She saw determination in the depths of those eyes, and she saw a greater strength in the unbrowned, boyish face. She knew then that she would never be able to disobey him.

"Why not go to Mordant?" she asked. "Because there's no sheriff in Mordant," smilingly, "that's why. It's only five days' drive to the Big Town."

"Hitch the horses to the wagon," she finally told him. "And remember," she added—as a balm to her conscience, "it's all your own doing, McKenzie."

Not long afterward the three of them climbed into the old canvas-covered wagon and drove

The Pumpkin Hood

By N. R. Miller

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A RAINY day had driven the house party of young people to the large roomy attic for entertainment. The girls were looking through a trunk of old-fashioned garments in search of material to aid in their costumes for the tableaux which were to be given that evening.

As Ruth Wallace drew forth a curious padded thing like nothing she had ever seen before, she uttered an exclamation. "Oh, Helen! What is this queer thing?" she asked, holding the object aloft.

"Why, that is Grandma's old pumpkin hood," was the answer, "and there is a story connected with it. Would you like to hear it?"

"Wouldn't we!" they exclaimed in chorus. "But you do not mean to tell me that they ever wore anything like that on their heads?" queried Ruth.

"But they did, just that," responded Helen, "and I expect forty or fifty years from now our fashions will look just as strange. But come down now to Grandma's room and we will get her to tell us the story."

"The girls want to hear the story of the pumpkin hood, Grandma," said Helen, when they had seated themselves around the fireplace in Grandma's large, pleasant room.

"Well, dears," said Grandma in a reminiscent tone, "it carries me back to the exciting days of the 'Underground Railroad.'"

"What," asked one of the girls, "did they have subways when you were a girl?"

"No," was the reply. "It was a different railroad from any that you ever saw or rode upon. It was in slavery times, before the war, and many slaves sought freedom by escaping to the North and thence to Canada, where they were beyond the power of their owners, if found. If they were captured in the States their owners had the right to demand them and carry them back. There were people all along the line willing to help them escape and their homes were called the stations of the underground railroad. My father's home was one of these stations."

The day of which I am to tell you I was alone, my parents having gone away for the day. I was at that time fifteen years old, but large and strong for my age. I had just finished baking bread and was taking the last loaf from the oven when the kitchen door was suddenly thrown open and a colored girl who could not have been many years older than myself, burst into the room.

"Oh, Missus, save me! They are right after me!" she gasped, rather than spoke. It took me but a minute to comprehend the situation, started as I was. I knew this girl must be a runaway slave. I began to think quickly. Where could I conceal her? There was a hidden room at the barn, cleverly contrived under a baymow, but there was not time to reach it as doubtless even now her pursuers were in sight.

"Suddenly I thought of a place which might do. Grasping hold of her arm I half dragged, half carried her up-stairs into my room. There, pushing aside the bed I removed a loose board. 'Creep in quickly,' I ordered. There was just barely room for her to crowd herself into the narrow space. 'Keep perfectly quiet and scarcely breathe if you hear any one in this room,' I said, while carefully replacing the board.

"The thought entered my mind, 'What should I say if they should ask me if I had seen the slave girl?' From the strict discipline of my New England parents, I had been taught a rigid adherence to truth and never under any circumstances, even that good might come of it, to utter a falsehood. I didn't have long to deliberate, for scarcely had I entered the kitchen before there was a loud knock at the door and harsh voices demanded entrance. With my heart in my mouth I went to the door and threw it open.

"Have you seen a fugitive girl pass here this morning?" demanded the leader, abruptly.

"No," was my truthful reply, "I have seen no one pass."

"Then she must be concealed about this place," was the angry retort, "for we have traced her here. She is altogether too valuable a slave to lose and we must search the premises, with your permission or without."

"Drawing myself up proudly, I said with a confidence I was far from feeling: "You may search the place, sir, but you will find no one."

"He immediately sent two of his men to guard the barn and outbuildings while he searched the house. I leading the way. Down cellar he even peered into the pork barrel and among the pickles and preserves.

"When the lower part of the house had been thoroughly searched, we went up-stairs. We came to my room last. When he had looked everywhere, even under the bed, he pulled out the bed and started to rap on the wall. I was sure then that all was discovered, when a sound from below drew his attention, and thinking that one of his men had found the fugitive, he hastily left the room and descended to the kitchen. Knowing that he would be sure to return and find the hiding place of his victim, I hastily removed the board, dragged out the trembling girl and pushed her into another room which had been thoroughly searched.

"Conceal yourself in the closet behind some of the clothing," I whispered, as I pushed her into the room. "He may not go back in there again. It is your only chance. Hurry as I hear him returning!"

"All this took less time than it does to tell it, and when the man returned, he found me where he had left me, waiting at the top of the stairs outwardly calm and unperturbed. He took up the search where he had left it and in rapping on the wall found the loose board.

"Aha, what have we here?" he said, as he hastily removed the board. He had found the concealed recess but the object of his search was not there. With much chagrin he left the room. I imagined he looked with suspicion at the door of the room opposite which in my haste I had not entirely closed, my heart almost stopped beating when he threw the door wide open, but with a careless glance at the room he went down-stairs and joined his men below. In a short time I saw them riding away. When I was sure they had really gone I returned to my charge and conducted her back to the hidden recess, which I deemed the safest place for her that day. If they should return they would not think of looking there again.

"Making her as comfortable as I could with a quilt and pillow, I descended to the kitchen to prepare her some lunch.

"When father and mother came home at night, there was a consultation held. The question was how to get the fugitive to the next station. It was finally decided that she should go disguised as my mother. The next day we dressed her in mother's cloak, hood and veil so that her identity was completely hidden. The pumpkin hood was the very same one which you have here. Mother and I had been planning to visit this place so I drove. Our route took us through the village and as we passed the hotel my heart gave a great bound, for there were the three slave hunters, standing on the veranda, holding a low conversation. As long as I was in the village I dared not drive fast for fear of suspicion. Once I heard the sound of wheels behind us and I was sure we were being followed.

As soon as the village was left behind, I made the horse fly over the ground at a fearful rate. Whoever it was who caused my fright, was soon left behind and I did not relax speed until we had reached our destination."

"Did the girl get to Canada all right?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, they kept her a few days at the next station and we heard that eventually she reached Canada."

"Do you mind telling me what started you?"

"Not in the least, ma'am," answered the outlaw. "I killed a man—his name was Haley. I done it in defense of myself, but I knowed I could never prove it; only his friends saw the thing done. It's his brothers that offered the re-

ward straight to the northward, where the beat-trails were few.

The sun went down, and the long and lonesome twilight of the desert came. Mrs. Jefferson, John McKenzie and Bowers Jefferson the second sat around a little fire of catclaw and pinoon watching the coffee boil. The woman turned to the outlaw and asked:

Why Sunburn Is Healthful

By Dr. A. M. Hughes

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JUST as soon as I go out in the sun for a day I become as tanned as leather and I feel badly about it because it spoils my complexion," is a complaint I frequently hear from women.

The statement interests me because it tells me something about the condition of that person's blood. The woman who becomes so tanned readily should be glad of it because it means that she is not anemic, nor likely to become so, under normal conditions. No person who is really anemic, whose blood is thin and poor, will become very badly sunburned. They may blister in the hot sun, but the real sunburn that leaves a dark brown tint to the skin is not for them. This is because one cannot become tanned, which is really what is generally meant when the word "sunburn" is used, unless her blood is in fairly good condition.

Nature always does things perfectly if given a chance. In the case of sunburn Nature would give every person a good coat of tan, if possible, because this tan protects the skin. The white skin is more deeply penetrated by the sun's rays than the dark skin, hence blondes, and people with very light skins, sunburn much more readily than people of olive complexions, or whose skin is very dark. Nature doesn't intend that we should become blistered by the sun, and we will not if we are healthy and do not deliberately expose ourselves for hours to the burning sun. Nature's first duty is to turn the skin darker to protect against the rays of the sun and prevent blistering. To do this it is necessary to have good blood, hence sunburn is an indication of fairly good blood.

When the sun shines upon the skin the hemoglobin in the blood—that part that supplies the color—at once deposits in the skin at the very tip ends of the fine arteries which penetrate to within a thousandth of an inch of the outer skin, a pigment. This pigment is deposited in quantities according to the amount of exposure there is to the sun and very soon the pigments begin to show. The fair skin-color disappears, the pigments turn it first red and then, remaining, turn the skin brown and this remains throughout the season so long as one is exposed to the sun. In fact I have noted that sunburned shoulders frequently show darker away along in December, months after they have been covered constantly by clothes, than the skin that was not exposed in summer.

If your blood is not good there is little hemoglobin in it, and without the hemoglobin there can be no sunburn. Consequently your sunburned person is a vigorous person.

Still another reason why sunburn is healthy is that the active light rays of the sun give a healthy stimulus to the respiratory process, since under their influence it has been proven that the quantity of oxygen absorbed is greater, while an increasing output of carbonic acid follows. Exposure straight to the northward, where the beat-trails were few.

The sun went down, and the long and lonesome twilight of the desert came. Mrs. Jefferson, John McKenzie and Bowers Jefferson the second sat around a little fire of catclaw and pinoon watching the coffee boil. The woman turned to the outlaw and asked:

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posure to sunlight also increases the number of blood cells, this gives us a wider circulation of the blood which, in turn, builds new tissues quicker and stronger, and the new tissues mean a healthier body.

Experiments have been made in England and described in the Lancet, among which there is no higher medical authority than publications, and these are all to the effect that good sunburn almost invariably means good health. Frequently physicians have verified this by experiment. Blood tests have been made of people who sunburn readily and of others who blister but seldom if ever really become tanned, and the blood of the former has without exception been found much better than the blood of the latter.

By all means become sunburned this summer. If you cannot get sunburned, although you make the effort, then consult some physician, tell him about it and begin treatment that will improve the quality of your blood.

But please use common sense about getting sunburned. Do not try to do it all in a day. Do not blister the skin by too much exposure to the sun at once, as these burns are frequently deep always painful and very often lead to serious troubles, such as blood poisoning from infections when the blisters break, and the like.

The wind and the sun together will sunburn. Use a sunshade if your eyes are weak or orange glasses, because the sun, while tanning you, may give you bad eye strain. Such exposure of the eyes frequently strains the optic nerve which has direct connection with the stomach, and bilious attacks follow.

Once you are well sunburned you may expose the skin to the sun all day without ill effects. Before becoming thus tanned one of the dangers of blistering is to go in bathing and then, after coming out of the water, expose yourself to the hot rays of the sun before the water has dried off from your face, neck, arms and shoulders. The sun shining through the water on your skin, will blister within a few minutes some-times, much as the sun's rays through a reading glass will scorch and then ignite paper and other inflammable objects.

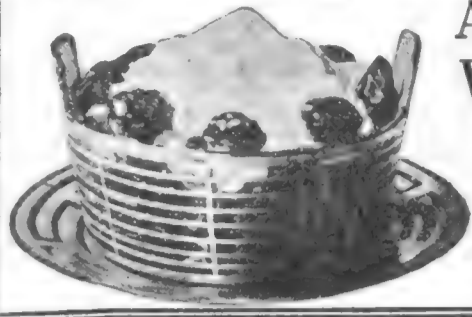
Do not apply creams and go out. They will melt, fill the pores of the skin and these greasy pores will collect dust and dirt to such an extent that even a scrubbing can scarcely remove it. This means "blackheads" and such disfigurements.

Go ahead and get sunburned. It won't hurt you. You will look all the better for it, you will feel much better for it and it will proclaim to all that you are strong, physically, that your blood is good and that you have vigor that is worth while.

There are now many places where sun-baths form a large part of the treatment for all sorts of ailments, especially tuberculosis. There are "solariums" where defective children are helped by the sun's rays. The more you are sunburned, the more free you will be of germs because the sun is the greatest germicide there is.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

By Solving the Food Problem American Women Will Do Their Share In Fighting the War to a Suc- cessful Finish



By Violet Marsh

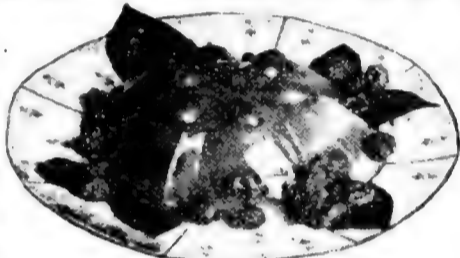
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SETTING an example to the country in reducing their scale of living to the simplest possible form, Mrs. Wilson, wife of the President; Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President, and wives of cabinet members, have issued an appeal to all the women in America, to do all in their power in similar manner, both as individuals and organizations to conserve, and use the strictest economy in food stuffs, and thus prevent actual distress later on.

In addition to this, the women leaders in official life have decided to omit the usual formal entertaining and calling which have been the most important features in the social life of Washington, in order to be able to devote more time and money to constructive preparedness and relief work.

Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, subscribed \$1,000 to the Red Cross fund, money earned by herself in singing in concerts, and is still giving concerts for this same purpose. Both Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson are personally attending to the management of the White House that the strictest economy may prevail.

Secretary Lane says: "The women of the country can do no greater work at this time than to

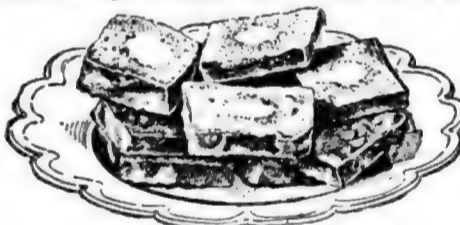


TAPIOCA JELLY.

raise their own vegetables, can their own fruit, prevent waste in their homes and give impulse and enthusiasm to the men of the land. If they do this they will be doing a good fifty per cent of the work of fighting the war to a finish. Secretary Lane would organize all the women in the United States into a "Lend a Hand Wilson League," whose business it would be to let the farmer know that his patriotism would be judged by the use he makes of his land, and himself see that the boys and girls serve in a great maintenance corps of the nation by putting in their time feeding the chickens, canning surplus fruit and vegetables, and thus count themselves among the saviors of liberty and civilization, because the war has now come down to a matter of work and sacrifice.

City parks and unoccupied lots of land all over the country will this summer be planted, and to a large extent cared for by the boys and girls.

In some communities, each Boy Scout has pledged himself to raise vegetables sufficient to feed one soldier. In one city alone, 6,000 boys above the age of sixteen will be released from the



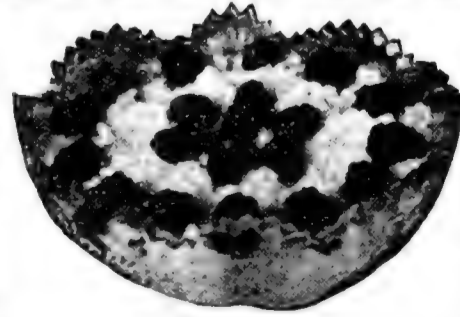
FRIED BREAD.

high school on April 17th, provided they take a pledge to work on farms, or enter some employment by which the food supply of the nation may be increased.

During the war, or so long as the war has to do with our supply of food, COMFORT housewives will be assisted in carrying out methods of food economy, whereby available materials may be used to the best possible advantage. Three well-balanced meals each day does not necessarily include meat, where nitrogenous materials such as eggs, milk, cheese, and beans or peas are used. Where fish can be obtained fresh and cheap, it should frequently be made the main dish of the meal. "Let not a scrap of food be wasted" should be the slogan of the American housewife, for no one can tell how long the war will last, or how long it will affect the supply of food for this nation.

Economizing on the Meat Supply

There are three ways by which this may be accomplished: First, by cutting down the number of meat days. Second, by selecting cuts of meat according to food value. Third, by cooking so that no waste shall take place. The highest priced cuts of beef are the loin and ribs, containing from twenty to twenty-five per cent of fat, which, if not eaten at the table or otherwise utilized, makes a very costly meat dish. Pork chops contain thirty-two per cent of fat, and even when economically handled are neces-



BERRY WHIP.

sarily expensive. And thus it would follow that the cheaper cuts of meat must be resorted to in war time, and let it not be beneath the dignity of every woman to take this step of economy, and to further prevent waste by proper cooking and serving.

How to Use Every Part of a Cut

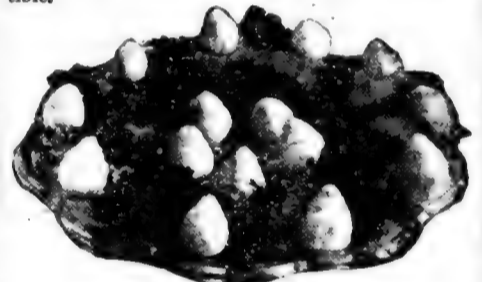
Unless meat is to be boiled, remove all fat and bone. Try out the fat for frying and shortening purposes. Bones are used in stews and soups; cooked with split

peas and bean soups, thus making a substitute for meat dishes. Ribs are removed with a small amount of meat left on, and cooked into braised ribs of beef so commonly served in first-class eating places. When meat is slowly simmered long enough to extract the fat, marrow and gelatin from the bones, there is no waste. Here the meat should be removed, the liquor left standing over night so that the fat can be removed in a cake and then the liquor used as a meat substitute by adding rice, vegetables or macaroni. When the meat is all lean, and cooked by boiling, first sear it, then add a little water, cover closely and bake slowly. This is called smothered meat.

The most important principle of boiling meat is, that it be kept at the simmering point, instead of boiling, for if it does boil, there is a loss of weight, due to evaporation; also a loss of flavor and the meat will be stringy. For this reason, many prefer the oven heat which can be kept low and even.

Trying Out And Clarifying Fat

A double boiler is the best utensil for trying out fat, in order to avoid over-heating which injures the flavor and makes the fat less digestible.



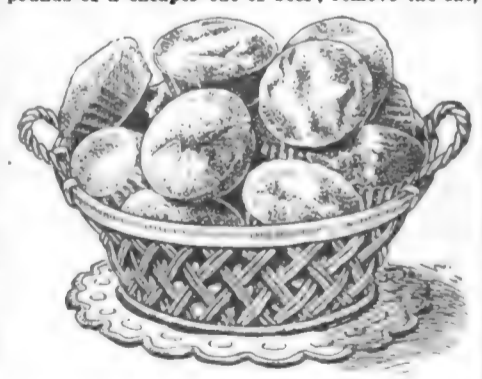
HOME-MADE CHEESE BALLS.

Fats are clarified best with a sliced raw potato. Put into fat and let stand on back of stove until potato is browned. To promote economy, set away the fat until raw potato peels are at hand, then use them in place of a good potato. Avoid burning the roast drippings that they may be clarified and profitably used. Sausage fat, and fat skimmed from vegetables add a good flavor to fried potatoes. Always fry cooked potatoes quickly and remove from fat, else they will be greasy. Wash, scrape if necessary, and wipe all meats before cooking, that the trimmings may be used for soups and stews. The excess of fat from fowl should be removed before cooking, tried out, and used for pastry, cookies and gingerbread.

Seven Inexpensive Meals of One Principal Dish to be Served with Bread and Butter and Dessert

No. 1.

MEAT STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.—Select two pounds of a cheaper cut of beef; remove the fat,



RICE AND CORN MUFFINS.

using enough to try out and brown the meat in, which has been cut into small pieces. When well browned, cover with boiling water. Bring to boiling point and simmer two hours, then add half a cup each of turnip and carrot cut into half-inch cubes, and one small onion sliced. Bring to boiling point again and cook one half hour; add three cups of potato cut fine and cook another half hour. During the cooking, add a sufficient quantity of boiling water to keep vegetables covered. Thicken with two tablespoons of flour stirred up with cold water. Season with salt and pepper.

DUMPLINGS.—Two cups of sifted flour mixed with four teaspoons of baking powder and one half teaspoon of salt. Work in two teaspoons of hard beef fat. Stir in two thirds cup of milk, or a little more if flour swells considerably. The best way to cook dumplings is drop them from a spoon onto a buttered steamer set over a kettle of boiling water; or they may be laid onto the vegetables. Steam twelve minutes without lifting the cover. Serve with stew.

STEAMED PRUNES.—Soak in cold water until they will rinse clean. Put into a steamer over a kettle of boiling water and cook until well puffed. Remove from steamer and roll in sugar. Put into a glass dish, cover with whipped cream, and

serve with thin slices of buttered bread.—See illustrated heading.

No. 2.

ROAST PORK WITH COWPEAS.—Select a leg of young pork which is nourishing and not high priced. Wash and scrape well. Make a deep cut in the knuckle, and put in a little sage, salt and pepper. Roast very slowly one hour, then with a sharp knife make slashes just through the outer rind around and lengthwise that the fat may try out. Cook half an hour longer and drain off the fat. Have parboiled and partly cooked, one quart of cowpeas, and add to the pork. Finish cooking slowly until meat is brown and peas tender. Sprinkle with salt fifteen minutes before done.

CORN-MEAL BREAD.—Two cups of corn-meal, half a cup of wheat flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one teaspoon of soda, half a teaspoon of salt, and two tablespoons of sugar mixed together. Add six tablespoons of sweet or sour cream, and sweet milk enough to make a soft batter—about one and a quarter cups. Bake in shallow pans about half an inch thick, in a fair hot oven until a rich brown. If cream is not obtainable, use two tablespoons of softened butter.

APPLE FLUFF.—Cut three large tart apples into quarters, but do not peel or core; put into an earthen baking dish with quarter of a cup of water and bake in a hot oven until soft. Rub quickly through a wire sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, add one cup of powdered sugar and beat again; add sifted apple and beat until very fluffy. Fill tall glasses, and garnish with a little whipped cream and a cube of jelly.

No. 3.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON WITH PEAS AND CEREAL CAKES.—Select two pounds of the neck and cut into small pieces. In a stew of flour on the back of stove, put one tablespoon of flour and when it bubbles add one tablespoon of flour and lightly brown. Add one medium-sized onion and one carrot cut in small pieces and stir until very hot. Remove vegetables and put the mutton into sauce pan, stirring until meat is well seared. Return vegetables and cover meat and vegetables with three cups of boiling water; add one teaspoon of salt, one saltspoon of white pepper, one whole clove, one half bay leaf and two sprigs of parsley. Cover tightly and slowly simmer two hours. Drain one can of peas and add five minutes before serving.

CEREAL CAKES.—To each cup of cold boiled rice or left-over breakfast cereal, add two tablespoons of flour, one beaten egg, a little grated lemon rind, salt, cayenne pepper and a pinch of nutmeg. Make thin cakes, and fry brown in salt pork fat. Serve with butter.

BERRY WHIP.—Crush one pint of berries; add sugar and lemon juice to flavor. Beat whites of two eggs until stiff and add a pinch of salt; continue beating, gradually adding the crushed berry mixture. Put into a shallow glass dish, cover one white of egg beaten stiff and sweetened, and whole berries. Serve at once.

No. 4.

MEAT, POTATO AND TOMATO PIE.—This dish offers an excellent way of using left-over meats; mutton and beef, with the addition of a little ham for flavor. Use a deep earthen baking dish, and in the bottom put a layer of sliced fresh tomato, or drained canned tomato, then a layer of thinly sliced meat. Dredge with flour, pepper and salt, and cover with a layer of thinly sliced raw potato. Repeat until dish is three quarters full, and then cover with a layer of pastry. Put into a hot oven, reducing the heat after the first ten minutes, and bake one hour.

FRIED BREAD.—Cut a loaf of stale bread into inch thick slices and remove crust. Beat together one egg, two tablespoons of sugar, and one and one quarter cups of milk, and stir over the fire until it thickens slightly, but does not boil. Dip slices of bread into this until well soaked, and fry a golden brown in hot fat. Sprinkle with a pinch of cinnamon mixed with a tablespoon of sugar and serve while hot with cheese balls.

CHEESE BALLS.—Wet a cheese-cloth in salted water, and put it over a wire sieve. Pour thick sour milk into this, cover and drain until firm. Salt, and shape into balls. Many prefer putting the milk into a bag and hanging it in the sun until firm.

No. 5.

STUFFED HEART.—Beef heart can be bought at a low price and makes a very palatable dish if properly cooked. Wash the heart inside and out and wipe dry. Dip one cup of diced bread in beef fat and brown; add one small chopped onion and season with salt and pepper. Fill the heart with bread mixture and sew up the opening. Put the heart into a dish that is deep but not too large over, and just cover with boiling water. After it begins to boil, set in the oven and cook slowly two hours tightly covered. Remove, dredge with flour, pepper and salt, a little brown sugar and pinch of clove, and bake brown. In the same baking pan, put boiled potatoes cut in quarters and dipped in beef drippings, and brown. Serve heart surrounded with potato on same platter.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Wash one third of a cup of pearl tapioca and drain. Put into a double boiler and add two and one half cups of cold water; cook until tapioca is dissolved. Add a pinch of salt, two tablespoons of lemon juice and three heaping tablespoons of sugar. Turn into a mould and set over night to harden. Turn out on a plate and garnish with fresh berries.

No. 6.

SALT PORK WITH MILK GRAVY AND POTATO.—Cut salt pork into thin slices, and if very salt, cover with hot water and let stand five minutes. Fry slowly until a golden brown, first cutting through the rind so the slices will not curl. Remove the fried pork to a hot dish, and drain off part of the fat to be used for other purposes. The gravy is made by slowly adding dry flour to the hot fat, two tablespoons of flour and two of fat to each cup of scalded milk, which is added after flour and fat has cooked together five minutes, then cook all together very slowly five minutes longer. Have ready potatoes prepared as follows: Peel and stand in cold salted water half an hour. Barely cover with boiling water, or put into a steamer and cook until tender. Drain and shake kettle on hot cover until potatoes are dry. Cut in quarters, put on a deep serving platter, pour over the gravy and make a border of the fried slices of pork.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Pare and core tart apples. Make fairly rich pastry and roll thin. Cut in squares large enough to cover apple. Wet square of crust, place apple in center, filling cavity with sugar, a pinch of cinnamon and small piece of butter. Fold over the crust, pinching edges so the juice will not run out. Put into a hot oven for ten minutes, then reduce heat and bake forty minutes.

SAUCE.—Mix two teaspoons of corn-starch with one cup of sugar and add to two cups of boiling water. Simmer twenty-five minutes and add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and two even tablespoons of butter. Serve hot with dumplings.

No. 7.

MEAT, POTATO AND EGGS COMBINED.—A savory and nourishing dinner can be made from left-overs with or without the addition of the eggs. Combine left-over scraps of meat, or corn beef by itself. Sausage meat combines well with all other kinds, also bacon or ham. Chop cold boiled potatoes and add left-over onions or carrots if on hand. Flavor according to the taste of the family. Moisten with a little milk, cream or fat. Add one part chopped meat to three of vegetable. Put into a baking dish, cover close and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Have ready slices of oven toast made from brown or white bread. On each slice put a portion of the hash, and on top of this a poached egg.

RICE AND CORN MUFFINS.—Mix into one cup of corn-meal one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder. Work in one cup of cold boiled rice until fine. Add one

Timely Talk on a Vital Subject



Wife: "If we must cut down expenses, why not drop your life insurance?"

Husband: "Not much. That's your insurance, not mine. And I'm going to take out another Postal Policy, too—while I can get it. You and the kiddie may be glad some day."

Wife: (Thoughtfully): "I guess you're right at that, James."

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egg well beaten, one quarter of a cup of milk and two tablespoons of melted butter. Beat thoroughly, pour into hot greased gem pans and bake thirty minutes.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Two cups of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cream of tartar and half a teaspoon of soda mixed together. Rub in one quarter of a cup of butter. Beat one egg, and add to it one scant cup of milk, then stir into the dry materials. Bake in round shallow tins until golden brown. Mash berries and sweeten while cake is baking. Split cake and butter, and fill with berries and pour berries over the top. Or, if more crust is desired, bake in two thin cakes, putting berries between buttered crusts, and pour over top.

Begin Canning Now and Put Up an Ample Store of Canned Fruit and Vegetables

COMFORT's oft repeated advice to can a liberal supply of all kinds of fruits, berries and vegetables applies now with greater force than ever before. Canned goods are scarce and high priced, and it is predicted that fall prices will range higher because of advance in wages and the scarcity and high price of tin. In the cities the housewives have taken alarm and are buying heavily and hoarding canned goods.

It behooves every family, and especially those on the farms, to begin early and can as large a quantity as possible of each kind of native fruit, berries and fresh vegetables as they come in season for the purpose not only of reducing the cost of living by providing a liberal supply for the home table but in order also to have a surplus to sell. If neatly and carefully put up home-canned goods will find a ready market at good prices.

Besides canning put up preserves, jams, jellies, marmalades, pickles and ketchup.

If your supply of glass preserving jars and rubbers is not ample start at once to replenish it for the stocks in the stores are small and most likely will run short this season as there will be an unusually large demand for them. Save every bottle, jar and crock that can be used for preserves, jams, jellies or ketchup.

We hope our readers have kept the instructive series of articles on home canning with recipes which COMFORT printed during the spring and summer of last year.

Valuable bulletins on home canning and preserving can be had free by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

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The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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(See Front Cover Illustration)

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAPPERLINGS' MOONLIGHT PARTY.

"Dear Dapperling Friends:
By Pertwee, inviting you all
To come to the banquet we give every year
In our spacious assembly hall.

"Perhaps, if the weather is perfectly fine,
And the moonlight sufficiently bright,
Our tables will spread out of doors, on the lawn,
Come early next Saturday night."

THIS was the invitation the Dapperlings sent to their friends who lived miles away, the ones who had snared Chippie Chatter. Quillikin had spent hours in writing it, and felt so proud of it that the others didn't praise it as they would otherwise have done. He read it over to them all together, and then to each one alone.

"It's a great thing to be a poet," he said; "that second line of the second verse, now—'The moonlight sufficiently bright,' that's what you might call real poetry, that is!"

All the Dapperlings signed it, and Pertwee mounted his rabbit and started off happily on his long ride to deliver it.

Then the Dapperlings set to work to prepare for the party. They planned to make this one a little finer than any they had ever given.

Don't ask me what they had to eat. I couldn't remember the names of half their dishes, most of them things that only Dapperlings know how to cook, but of course they had raspberries and blueberries and such things that grew around near their hill.

It took a great deal of work to get things ready. The assembly hall and every house had to be cleaned and trimmed with flowers. Then there was all the cooking to do and berries to pick. Everybody had to help.

Pertwee was lucky to be the one to deliver the invitation. He knew this, and stayed all night with his friends instead of coming straight back, as he should have done.

Quillikin was usually one of the best helpers, but just now he was so filled with thoughts of the poem he meant to surprise them with after the banquet, that he wasn't much good at working. Why, Nattie found him leaning against the thistles, gazing up at the sky, and he didn't

EXPLANATORY.—This story tells the strange things that happen to five-year-old Simmie-Sammie Smith and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, through the sly pranks of Nattie, the "Smallest Dapperling of All." The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elflike beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hill-side, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles.

even know the thistles had been pricking him till she pulled three of the sharp spikes out of his left ear, where they had stuck fast.

As for Nattie, she ran here and there at everyone's call, until she was so tired she could hardly climb into her little bed at night.

When Saturday night came, the Dapperlings were ready early, all dressed in their best, waiting for their friends. Nattie was gay in a ruffy little gown that looked as if it might have been cut from a pink sunset cloud.

Quillikin, in a fine new suit of crimson and violet, looked very grand.

"There's going to be a big surprise tonight," he told the others, but when they questioned him, he would only shake his head and answer, "Wait and see! I don't tell all I know."

"Haw!" said old Shandle-Spinx, who had been listening, with his ear pressed to the ground. "I can hear them. They will be here in exactly two minutes."

Then they all heard a quick pattering of little paws, and soon a crowd of rabbits, with their riders, appeared at the top of the hill.

It was the loveliest kind of a night, with the moonlight bright and beautiful.

Of course the guests had to be taken through all the houses and into the assembly hall, else what would have been the use of all the work that had been done, decorating so finely?

In the assembly hall they talked politely for a while, and everybody shook hands with everybody else, but the real fun of the evening was out of doors, where they played games, and had a merry time.

After the lively games, they began to think of supper. Long tables were brought out, covered with silvery cloths, fine and thin as spiders' webs, and all the tempting things for the banquet spread out. The Dapperlings were glad enough to gather about and begin the feast.

Quillikin ate little. His mind was filled with his poem, and often his hand slipped into his pocket, to touch lovingly the paper it was written on.

Feasting so happily, with laughter and merriment, little did those Dapperlings think what was coming! And so suddenly it came, there was not a moment's time to prepare for it.

To be sure, old Shandle-Spinx, who had the sharpest of ears, had heard, off in the distance, sounds something like this:

"Wow! gr-r-r! wow!"

"S-s-s-phitt! phitt! phitt!"

"Yip! yip! gr-r-r! wow!"

But he had thought little of it. Afterwards, he blamed himself for not noticing it more.

Well, the first thing the others knew, there was a sudden rush from out the moonlit space—a long, yellow streak dashed among them, overturning tables, breaking dishes, upsetting Dapperlings—old Cattie Puss, her ears laid back, her tail a dozen times its usual size! Frightened—I should say so—both Cattie Puss and the Dapperlings!

And after the yellow streak, hard at its heels, chasing for dear life, was, what do you think? A shaggy, long-eared puppy dog, his red tongue hanging from his mouth, his short legs frantically trying to reach poor, flying Cattie Puss.

I haven't told you before, but the children's father had bought the puppy dog for them to play with. Pittysing and Simmie-Sammie loved him, but Cattie Puss didn't!

Cattie Puss didn't stop to see what damage she had done. Perhaps she never noticed the Dapperlings and their banquet at all. She ran straight on—I'm sure I don't know how far!

But the puppy dog stopped. He had found something that interested him more. How his red tongue lapped up those good things the poor little Dapperlings had cooked!

The Dapperlings picked themselves up, and ran to get out of the way of that dreadful black and white monster, leaving what was left of their overturned feast. Oh, such an ending to the party!

"But never mind," they said. "We'll have another party soon, and have it in the assembly hall, where we'll be perfectly safe!"

You see, they were sensible little people, and knew it was just as easy to be happy as unhappy, and much, much pleasanter.

Their visitors couldn't go home that night, for when Cattie Puss and the puppy dog came, their rabbits had run off home, every single one.

Old Shandle-Spinx took Quillikin off by himself, and said to him sternly, "Now, sir, tell me about this matter! Did you, or did you not, know that cat and dog were coming to spoil the party? You said there'd be a big surprise!"

"I did NOT know it!" answered Quillikin in his loftiest manner. "I had written the finest poem in the world to read tonight after the banquet. But now, since you are so unjust and unkind to me, I shall burn the poem, and no one will ever see it! Yes, I will burn it, though you should go down on your knees and beg me not to!"

Next morning the puppy dog was playing with something under the kitchen table. Pittysing made a dash for him.

"What you got now?" she demanded, dropping down on her knees beside him. For the puppy dog had a bad habit of chewing up small articles he found lying around, such as picture books, building blocks, and other toys. And though Pittysing loved him, she didn't like to have her treasures chewed up.

She snatched up the thing the puppy was playing with, just as Simmie-Sammie came into the kitchen.

"Well, WHAT do you know about that?" she asked, holding it out for Simmie-Sammie to see. "Where did it come from? It doesn't belong to Sarah-Grace-Josephine!"

It was soiled, and the puppy dog had nearly spoiled it by chewing, but the Smallest Dapperling of All would have known it for the little pink slipper she had lost off one foot the night before, when she ran to get out of the way of that dreadful black and white monster.

The Dapperling story next month will tell about the Yellow Sleeping Beauty and magic music of the toy plane. Don't miss it in July COMFORT.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

I was to take the young ladies to the farm in the fly, because you would rather like, she thought, to drive up in the cart."

Nerine nodded. Solitude even after a short journey in the company of energetic persons like Joan and May would be pleasanter than having her legs kicked in the close quarters of the village fly, and she rejoiced still more at Lady Belton's forethought when she found herself, ten minutes later, driving through the sweet spring air behind the fat horse of Joan's acquaintance.

It was a hilly village, and not very remarkable, but as they mounted the first high ground they looked down on the wide, wide sea, all drenched into pink and pearl by the setting sun.

The girl gasped with pleasure. Here was another thing she had never seen; she would have liked to stop the cart and gaze and gaze her fill.

"Can you see the sea from the farmhouse?" she asked the boy who was driving.
"Oh, yes, miss! It's a few fields off," he said stolidly, and the girl sat bolt upright, with wide eyes and nostrils eager for the sweet salt air.

The pink was gone from the sky when they reached the farmhouse, but the glow of a wide fireplace filled all the comfortable sitting-room into which a stout damsel showed Nerine. There were daffodils in a bowl on the table, and a window seat under a low long window, which promises to look in broad daylight over a garden and fields to the sea.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Miss Lisperard. "I'm glad I didn't go home to Mr. Mayne. But I wish Agatha were here! What walks we could take!" Banishing the uncomfortable thought that Agatha could take walks with another companion now—a companion evidently more appreciated than her faithful twin.

She turned from her inspection as the children arrived, and the comely dame of the house came out to welcome them. They had stayed at the farm twice before, and were welcome visitors. Now they greeted each other and every inmate with effusion and then demanded tea at once.

"Eggs and honey, Mrs. Palmer," May said, autocritically. "This is Miss Lisperard. Mother says you are to make her comfortable."

Nerine laughed as she was led by Joan into the best bedroom, where a fire burned, and two candles gave a dim light. It was all so quaint and clean, with a smell of lavender.

They had tea in the sitting-room, May doing the honors of the honey and clotted cream, while Nerine made the tea and Joan talked unceasingly.

But at eight o'clock the nurse carried the children off to bed, and the room was strangely quiet without their cheerful voices. From over the sloping fields came the heavy sound of the ground swell, an eerie sound to unaccustomed ears. Nerine surveyed her comfortable surroundings, pulled her chair closer to the fire, and put the lamp on a table beside it. The evenings were evidently going to be very dull. By and by, when she knew the farm people better, she could go and talk to them, but tonight she would be only an unwelcome stranger if she made her way to Mrs. Palmer's abiding place. She must read till she was sleepy, and then go to bed.

There were no books about her sitting-room—that could be seen at a glance—and she had finished her novel in the train. She must go upstairs and unpack the store Lady Belton had given her.

"I do believe I am lonely," she thought as she energetically pulled at the straps of her trunk. "It is horrid without Agatha." Lifting out, without looking at them, a pile of books, she returned with some haste to the sitting-room, where she deposited them on the table with an ungrateful bump.

"If I've read you all, how cross I shall be!" and she began to turn them over. Among them was the diary she had taken from her stepfather's room. She had been afraid to leave it at Lisperard House, lest Mr. Mayne might be tempted to rummage among her possessions, as she had done among his.

Nerine took up the diary and made a long, careful attempt to open it, but it was not to be done. She could not even rip it up the back with a knife, for it had strong silver clasps which defied anything but a hammer and chisel. Oh, if I could only get it open!" she said,

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A COWARD

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neill

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gamnett, Publisher, Inc.

War's shadows o'er our land may fall,

And enemies assail us;

Our flag shall float above it all,

Our sons shall never fail us!

We seek no war on land or sea,

But cherish still our liberty!

We have no hateful battle-cry,

But for our homes we'll fight and die!

I didn't raise my boy to be a coward!

I brought him up in truth and bravery!

When duty calls, his voice shall answer clearly,

His mind and soul shall know no slavery!

America shall still be free,

To tyrants never bend the knee;

His country's proud defender he,

A true and valiant soldier!

What though no drop of blood were shed,

No bond of love were sundered,

If truth and liberty were dead,

Where once their voices thundered!

My boy is mine! But I and he,

Freeborn, must still unfettered be!

Our gallant sons, with shining swords,

Defend our shores from foreign hordes!

I didn't raise my boy to be a coward,

To dread the bugle-call or martial drumming.

When duty calls, his voice shall answer clearly,

"I hear thee, O my country! I am coming!"

America shall still be free,

To tyrants never bend the knee;

His country's proud defender he,

A true and valiant soldier!

The above is a patriotic reply to the caittif wail entitled "I Did Not Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier." If this land is to hold its heritage of freedom every boy must be raised to be a soldier when called to the defense of the country.—Editor.

pettishly—"tonight of all nights, when I want something to think about."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked at her dead mother's book. She was so alone, so desolate without Agatha, who had deserted her so easily for new friends. And she knew so little about that young mother who had died just when

her children needed her. If only she could read that book!

Gravely enough the girl wiped away her useless tears. She slipped the book into the pocket of her blue serge skirt; she might be able to find something tomorrow which would force the clasp. And in the meantime she would forget

it and Agatha, and with a hot blush of shame—forget Satterlee.

She turned up the lamp and opened a novel at random from the pile; she read at first with determination and no interest, but by degrees she forgot everything but the book in her hand. It was a romance of adventure, and it led her with a magi-power out and away into a strange world; it was not until her lamp began to burn dim that she lighted her candle and went sleepily up the creaking stairs. After all, the first evening had not been so bad.

"Are you going to have lessons every day?" Mother said you were."

Joan's voice sounded anxious as she looked up with a sigh from her finished breakfast, fixing her big eyes on Nerine.

Miss Lisperard came back with a start from an unprofitable journey into the past.

"Every day," she said mischievously.
Dead silence. Four wistful eyes looked from her face out of the low window across the fields green with baby grass, and out to the morning sea.

"Every day—after today, that is." She laughed sweetly at the downcast faces. "Today we are going to have a holiday, and do nothing but play. All of us."

"There, May! Who was right?" Joan cried joyfully. "I told you she had more sense than Miss Bruce." And with a united rush of white pinafores and black legs the two flew out of the room to get their things on. The spring air was refreshing to Nerine as she went down through the fields with the children; she took a hand of each, and they began to run down the long slope to the sea. How still and blue it lay, with such little ripples; only where it broke on the beach in a long, sleepy surge was there a wave at all. And what bracing air came off it! How sweet, how keen! Like a child herself, Nerine raced along the sands with her laughing, shrieking companions; danced on the very edge of the incoming wave till she had to run backward or let the clear, quick water come over her ankles; sat in the hot sun in the warm dry sand higher up, and built houses with a watchful eye on Tommy, whose wicked little head stuck out of Joan's pocket.

It was lunch time before they knew it, and nurse had to call and wave frantically from the top of the field before any of them saw her.

In the afternoon they walked miles along the hard sand, point after point opening out before them, and by the time they got home to tell the elder girl was most beautifully and serenely fatigued.

There was no need to read late that night; even the most charming novel could not keep Nerine's eyes open after nine o'clock. She was so sleepy that she forgot all about her mother's diary, and so it came to slip her mind for days.

There was a letter from Lady Belton every morning after that, with accounts of the invalids; that was the only event.

The children did a virtuous two hours of sun and spelling every morning, and scoured the country with their adored cousin for the rest of the day. The fresh air and exercise had brought sweet roses into Nerine's cheeks, and by the end of the first week, as she walked briskly about the sands one afternoon, she felt like a new person. She could read Agatha's letters without a pang, even calmly accept those messages of brotherly regard from Lord Satterlee which decked every one of them.

They were going in a new direction this particular afternoon, and the children skipped ahead joyfully. As they rounded a rocky point the came out on a beautiful curved stretch of smooth hard sand; far over, moving quickly, was a black object, and the three stood gazing.

"It's some one riding," Nerine said. "What fun it must be to gallop on sand!"

May's eye kindled. Why had she not brought one of the donkeys?

"It's a man, and he's coming over here," she said, dancing with excitement. "Oh, isn't it pretty to watch!"

"Climb up on this rock, out of the way," Miss Lisperard remarked with prudence, not being anxious to return either of her charges in bad repair. "Hurry!"

The horse was coming like a whirlwind, the sun glancing on his bright chestnut coat. Joan gave a wild shriek.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

**We said this LAST YEAR—
We say it again**

This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

THE United States Government urges preserving as a home duty. Preserved fruits are energizing and nourishing. They vary your menus. They reduce the cost of your table.

America's canning and preserving industries are models for the world. Their products are pure, appetizing and wholesome. Support them.

If you preserve at home, put up more fruit than ever before. Get jars and glasses, bottles and crocks ready to save the fruit crop. Put away dried vegetables. The American housewife who practices thrift places herself in the ranks of those who serve their country.

You can show your thrift in no more convincing way than by combating the national tendency to squander this country's wonderful fruit crop. Whether you buy preserved fruits from your grocer or preserve at home you perform a service to your own family and to the Nation.

American Sugar Refining Company



"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Domino Granulated Sugar is sold in convenient-sized bags and cartons

The increased cost of preserving because of the higher price of sugar is less than the increased cost of most other foods.



This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming. Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Vegetables That May Be Planted in June

MOST people prefer to plant their gardens as early in the spring as the ground can be worked and the danger from frost is past. This is usually a good rule, but this year prices are high and the demand for food is so great that it is well to know about crops that can be planted late and satisfactory results be obtained.

PLANT STAPLE CROPS.—More emphasis than ever before should be placed on staple crops, or those that can be stored, dried or canned or otherwise preserved for winter and spring use.

Both wax and navy beans may be planted in June in the Northern states. Wax beans may be pickled or canned or even dried, and navy beans are always a staple food, though late beans run some risk of being hit by early frosts. Cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi and cucumbers can all be planted in June. Good crops of peas may be harvested if planted during this month.

Corn for both drying and canning, as well as for use as green corn, is a safe crop if planted in June.

Beets, carrots, turnips, rutabagas and parsnips all do well if planted in June, and all can be easily stored in a pit or a cool cellar.

June planted potatoes often make a good crop though this year the seed is very hard to get and the price is exceedingly high.

Pumpkins, too, will mature if planted in June and may be preserved in several ways. Dried pumpkin makes excellent pies.

Root Crops for Cows

There is certain to be need of a good supply of root crops this winter since the wheat crop is short and much of the corn and barley will need to be used for human food on account of the war. Bran will be high priced and hard to get and other grains will stay up if wheat is high. Root crops can be planted late and make excellent substitutes for grain feeds, especially corn silage. Sugar beets and carrots are best, carrots for horses, sugar beets for cows.

Beets may be planted as late as June in the Northern states and make a perfect crop. Carrots do well if planted in June and are greatly relished by both horses and cows.

WILL THEY TAIN THE MILK?—No, if fed after milking neither of these crops will affect the flavor of the milk. It has often been observed that roots, pumpkins and cabbage fed to cows out in the open yard seldom taint the milk, but if fed in the barn where the air does not circulate freely give a bad flavor to the milk. There is a volatile oil in root crops that escapes into the air and is absorbed by the milk. This is said to be the reason why milk becomes tainted when these crops are fed. If, then, we wait to cut and feed the roots until after the milk is drawn and taken from the barn, there is little trouble from taint.

Some plants contain a stronger odor than others, cabbage and turnips being more difficult to feed than beets and carrots on account of the taint. If fed after milking root crops make an excellent feed for milk cows.

For root crops you should plow deep, the deeper the better. The roots must grow down into the soil and should have a loose, mellow ground in which to grow; otherwise they penetrate to the bottom of the furrow, strike the hard subsoil and split up into many branches. This gives a poor shaped root and prevents a full growth and a heavy crop.

Beans the Army Ration

Never before has the price of beans for food been so high; never before has the prospect for a strong market been so great. Forty million of men are under arms in Europe. This vast army must be fed. Our own country is mobilizing its troops. Beans are one of the standard army rations and beans are certain to be in large demand; hence the price will continue high.

WHY RAISE BEANS?—Beans are a good crop to grow for several reasons. In the first place they enrich the land, that is they belong to the legume family, all of which have the power of taking nitrogen from the air and adding it to the soil.

In the next place beans grow well on poor soil. The old saying "too poor to grow white beans" indicates that beans will grow on land so poor that it will not produce a crop of anything else. This is literally true, and is due to the fact that beans have the power of using the nitrogen of the air.

In the third place beans are easily grown, cultivated, harvested and stored. They can be kept for years without loss if properly cared for. They have a large amount of good matter in relatively small bulk, hence can be shipped long distances, like wheat, to good advantage.

HOW TO RAISE BEANS.—Beans do well on sandy land but can be grown on any soil. It requires from a peck to a half bushel of navy bean seed to plant an acre, depending on the size of the beans and the distance rows and plants are placed apart.

The ground should be prepared in the usual way as for corn and the beans planted in rows two and a half to three feet apart in the row. They should never be cultivated while the dew is on or while wet with rain as this often injures the leaves and spreads disease from plant to plant if any be present in the field. Early June is the best time for planting in the Northern states.

They should be cultivated shallow as their roots lie very near to the surface. The weeds should be kept down and the cultivator should be run through about four or five times during the season.

HOW TO HARVEST AND STORE.—At harvest time beans may be pulled and stacked in small stacks around a pole. In large fields a bean harvester is used which cuts off the stems of the bean and leaves them in windrows which are dried thoroughly and hauled to the barn, or stacked outside and covered with a tarpaulin to keep out the rain. They are threshed out with a bean thresher or with an ordinary threshing machine from which the concave has been removed. They are stored in shallow bins like wheat. The only care which need be taken is to see that the seed is perfectly dry.

Beans ordinarily yield from ten to twenty bushels per acre, which at the present prices

means a pretty penny from an acre of cheap ground.

Sanfoin and Serradella Seed

We have had numerous inquiries from subscribers asking where to get the seed of sanfoin and serradella. We are told that they could not get them from seed houses. The real truth back of this is the fact that these seeds come largely from abroad, the war has cut off importation and the supply available for use in this country is now practically exhausted.

Seed for Root Crops

This is also true of the seeds of root crops. Since the importation of European seeds has been cut off we find a striking shortage in the seeds of root crops on the market. Sugar beet seed is so hard to get that there may not be enough available to plant the usual acreage. This will mean a reduction in yield and a further increase in the price of sugar already too high.

SEED FOR LATE PLANTED CROPS.—It is usual to plant turnips and rutabagas late in June or July, often later, with turnips, since they are a quick-growing crop maturing in six to eight weeks from planting.

Rutabagas are often planted on new cleared land at any odd time in June after the rush of regular spring planting is over. Those who expect to plant any of these crops should procure seeds without delay as the supply is exceedingly short and may be exhausted by the time that this appears in print.

The lesson we should learn from this year's experience is apparent. This country should grow its own seed or another year the situation will be worse than it is this year. Since all root crops are biennials, that is they take two years to grow seed, the only way we can get a crop of seed this year is to save with the greatest of care all seeds that may be produced from roots already in the ground.

Sheep and Lambs in Hot Weather

Shearing should be done early as a heavy fleece of wool makes the sheep terribly uncomfortable and it should be remembered that ticks migrate from the ewes to the lambs at shearing time. If lambs are to be comfortable in hot weather, it is necessary to dip them shortly after shearing the ewes and to repeat the dipping, if an examination shows that either the adult sheep or the lambs are infested with ticks or if scratching and rubbing show that some cause of irritation is present. If ticks are not present, lice may be found, or in the most severe cases, scab which is caused by parasitic mite and terribly annoying and injurious to sheep. The disease also is so contagious that an affected sheep will soon spread it to every sheep in the flock and the affected animals will not thrive in summer or at any other season of the year. To make lambs comfortable in hot weather it also is necessary to keep their hind parts clean. To that end they should have been docked closely at castration time, or shortly afterward and then the long wool should be kept clipped to prevent fouling with discharges from the bowels and consequent "blowing" by flies and formation of maggots which burrow and cause torture and lack of thrift. Long-tailed lambs are an abomination on this account. They will be sure to scour more or less on grass or other green feed so that fouling and maggot formation can scarcely be avoided. Such lambs also present a poor appearance when sent to market and will be "docked" on that account by the buyer.

Worms of any kind also are a source of discomfort in summer-time and sheep and lambs, therefore, should be protected against them so far as possible. Allowing access to rock salt will help and it is even better to allow them a mixture of one part of powdered tobacco leaves and two parts of salt as a preventive lick. If any lambs or sheep become infested with worms, gasoline should be administered and generous feeding practiced. One tablespoonful of gasoline is the average dose. Old sheep take more and young lambs take less. Give it shaken up in four to six ounces of new milk, adding an ounce of raw linseed oil. Great care must be taken not to choke the sheep or lamb when administering this medicine. Give it slowly through a piece of rubber hose fitted upon the neck of a bottle, the sheep to be held firmly upon all fours, not set on its rump as so many have advised. The dose may be repeated two or three times at intervals of 24 to 48 hours according to the severity of the symptoms and the judgment of the shepherd. In conclusion it should be advised that sheep and lambs should be sheltered at night in a clean, airy corral fenced securely against dogs which are a serious menace in most localities, while on the range large bands of sheep will, of course, be well guarded against coyotes.

Pigs in Summer

The most common cause of ill-thrift among young pigs in summer and fall is the presence of lung worms (*Strongylus paradoxus*) in the air passages of the lungs. The affected pigs have a spasmodic, croupy cough and are so distressed thereby and by the failure of the lungs to properly perform their function that the animals fail to thrive, indicated by hard, dry coats, drooping tails and pot bellied condition. There is no satisfactory treatment of this disease so that prevention is the all-important consideration.

The eggs of lung worms are taken in by pigs grazing in old, contaminated pastures, long used by adult swine, which carry the worms through the winter and in spring taint the grass. The old hogs manage to withstand the ill-effects of the worms, showing merely a hacking cough but no appreciable loss of flesh. Young pigs, on the contrary, are very severely affected and may die of pneumonia or prove so thriftless that they are destroyed by the owner. The worms also are derived from filthy feeding troughs and drinking water and apart from these are most likely to be contracted upon low, wet land.

Pigs, as well as other young animals, should not be turned out on old pasture in spring and summer and is far as possible should have clean, sanitary quarters and eating and drinking places. It also should be remembered that worms of all kinds most injuriously affect the pigs that are weak and thriftless to start with. They "add insult to injury," as it were, and the combination kills or prevents profit. It is all-important, there-

fore, to keep young pigs growing fast and without check. If this can be managed, the worms may not gain the ascendancy, but it is, of course, best, if possible, to keep the pigs growing and also free from worms.

Milk is imperative as a feed for all young animals. It has been found, too, that an all grain, or meal of grain, ration is not complete for any growing animal. Milk is needed as a factor for balancing the ration, especially the butter fat of the milk, and to eke out the lack of such fat the leaves as well as the grains of plants are necessary. Alfalfa better than any other feed replaces or serves the purpose of butter fat, and clover, the legumes and flaxseed meal are also useful. It is therefore well to not only provide clean quarters, milk diet, and grain or meals for pigs, but to allow them to pasture green Alfalfa, clover, or rape, etc. and when such green feed cannot be had, to feed them Alfalfa hay.

Pigs in summer also need shade and plenty of water. They dearly love a wallow, but it is better for their health to provide them with clean water for bathing purposes and to put some crude petroleum in the water to help keep down hog lice. Many pigs die each year from overheating, therefore, the necessity of shade and water, and one should be careful, too, not to overdrive hogs in hot weather, or to ship them to market in such weather without placing a heap of ice in the center of the car or arranging to wet the hogs now and then on the trip.

Lastly, it should be mentioned that dust from bedding or yards is very injurious to little pigs and may set up irritation similar to that caused by lung worms and even cause fatal pneumonia. This cause of trouble, therefore, should be eliminated.

The Fly Nuisance

It should be remembered that the work horse is tormented by flies almost as much in the stables as out of it in hot weather. The fly that causes the annoyance in the stables is the little stinging black fly. This pest looks like a common house fly but the wings stand out almost at right angle from the body. If it will not sting, if the stable is kept darkened and that should be done during fly time in summer. Gunysacking will serve the purpose, as it sufficiently excludes light and at the same time allows free circulation of air. It is best, of course, to screen both windows and doors with wire netting. Even if this is done, it is well to darken the stable as some flies are sure to get in and the sacking also subdues the sunlight which is trying to the eyes of horses. Keep the manure piles away from the doors and windows of the stable. They breed flies. Also get out of the bad habit of piling the soiled bedding under the manger to sweat and cause irritating gases.

When the horse has to work or pasture where flies are troublesome, furnish him with a fly net and also spray his unprotected parts with a commercial fly repellent. Often an unsprayed horse is quite bloody from fly biting on coming in at noon and night. The big green-headed fly does the mischief. To such bitten places apply a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia (hartshorn) in a cupful of water; or use a solution of one tablespoonful of granular hypochlorite of soda per quart. If any bite on animal or man swells and is painful, immediately wash it with tincture of iodine and repeat the application every 12 hours.

Horse flies which assemble in masses on the backs of pastured cattle cluster about the horns at night and under the belly in wet weather. It is a good plan to apply a mixture of fish oil and oil of tar behind the horns and also on the belly as well as using the fly repellent with a spray pump. Oil of citronella two parts, oil of cedar one part, and spirits of camphor three parts mixed together and applied with an atomizer is effective in protecting a person against mosquitoes, but is too expensive to use on stock.

It may be added that cheaply constructed fly traps should be used both inside of the stables and about the doors and also around the doors of the kitchen, milk houses and other buildings. They are easily constructed according to plans which can be seen in a bulletin on the subject published and supplied free by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Pasture Not Always a Blessing

When, as often is the case, we see brood mares and their foals switching and pawing against a myriad of torturing flies in a corner of a bare, dusty, shadeless pasture in July or August, we conclude that such conditions are cruel, unnecessary and detrimental. Pasture containing grass is a fine place for the mare and her foal, for the cow and calf, ewe and lambs, or sow and pigs, provided adequate shade and water are supplied and it is not too "bare bitten." In almost a majority of instances it would be better to keep the animals mentioned off pasture during the heat of the day and only allow them on it at night, or on cloudy days in the heated term of the year. The bare, permanent pasture is the poorest kind of place for lambs, calves and pigs on account of the danger of lung worms, to say nothing of the ill effects of heat and lack of nourishment.

It may be said, as truly, that the work horse derives little, if any, benefit from the scant pasture at such times. It is fine for him to be allowed to have a roll on grass at noon and a run and rest on it at night, but to turn him out on it, without adequate shade and water during the heat of the day is positive cruelty and also highly unprofitable. Indeed, it is thought best by many experienced farmers to keep their horses off pasture during the season of the year when they have to work hardest and at such times to feed oats, wheat bran, a little ear corn, and sound, old hay in preference to green grass. The latter keeps the horses soft and with bowels relaxed, whereas the dry feed maintains muscular condition. As soon as the hard work is over, however, it is well to turn the horses out to grass and that also is beneficial, if a horse has sore feet or any derangement of the digestive organs. The pasture is also the best place for idle horses and growing colts, if not overstocked, but providing sufficient feed and also provided with shade and abundant water.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

That is a trite but true saying and we saw it well illustrated the other day. Men in a little country village had united and subscribed the money necessary to open a three foot ditch, with a new type of ditching plow pulled by eighteen horses, for the purpose of getting rid of the surface water which stood on the low ground around the village after every big rain. The outlet was a lake some two miles away and the farmers who owned the land on the outskirts of the village and right of way of the ditch subscribed their share for the improvement. They knew that the ditch would get rid of the surplus water on a part of their farms and provide an outlet or main drain into which they might later run laterals for the drying of many fields. They gladly paid their share of the expense and no doubt will find the investment a paying one. But one man refused to join with the others. He was the last farmer on the line of ditch and three hundred rods of ditch would have to be opened through his place to get rid of the water or connect with the lake. The cost of the ditch would be fifty cents a rod or \$150; but he would not pay that amount and so the ditch had to stop at the edge of his land and he will receive all of the water from the ditch in addition to that already on his low-lying farm. We suppose that he intends to open the remaining portion of the ditch by hand, or employ some method that he thinks will cost less than the sum mentioned. If so he is making a sad mistake. He can never get the ditching crew, their big machine and eighteen horses, to come back for his little length of ditch. They would do the work now for \$150, but to return and make a new "set" would cost much more. The hard work will probably not be

"Always Does the Work and Does It Right"

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Unbeatable Extremist of Rats, Mice & Bugs
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Stop Fattening Rats, Mice & Bugs!
One year's food on 100 rats, mice & bugs
substitutes—whose bulk is inert flour and grease.
Why Trap Rats & Mice, One By One,
while these rough on rats rapidly increase!!!
END THEM ALL TO-NIGHT WITH A 25c BOX OF ROUGH ON RATS
The Recognized Standard For Half a Century
At Drug & Country Stores.

done quickly or thoroughly, if at all. The penny wise pound foolish farmer will be "drowned out" and also will lessen the efficiency of the ditch for his neighbors. It would have been wise for him to chip in with the rest and reap the full benefits of the work. That is true in all such instances. It never pays a man to refuse to take part in a sane and necessary drainage proposition, or in a line fencing operation. Cooperation pays.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Get them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

SERRADELLA.—Kindly give all information, price, etc., on grass called serradella. Where can seed be obtained? What is the price, and how much should be sown per acre? **Miss M. K. Plover, Wis.**

A.—Serradella is still in the experimental stage in the U. S. Very little has yet been published about this plant. Send to seedsmen for their quotation on seed. Sow at the rate of 40 to 50 pounds per acre.

SERRADELLA.—Please tell me where to get serradella seed and how much to sow to the acre. Would it be a successful crop in Wisconsin? **M. J. J. Larson, Wis.**

A.—Get seed of nearest seedsmen. Sow at the rate of 40 or 50 lbs. per acre. Clover is a more satisfactory crop for your section.

SUGAR BEETS.—I wish to know whether sugar beets will grow in North Carolina. Where can I get the seed? What are they worth per pound? How much seed is required to plant an acre? Are they good feed for stock? **Miss D. C. Randleman, N. C.**

A.—Successful sugar beet culture on a large scale depends upon the nearness to factory. There are no such factories in the South. Send to seedsmen for seed. Beets this year are contracted for by the factories at from \$6.00 to \$7.00 per ton. Good soil produces 15 to 25 tons per acre. They are excellent food for stock, especially dairy cows. Try a small patch. They can be planted late in the South.

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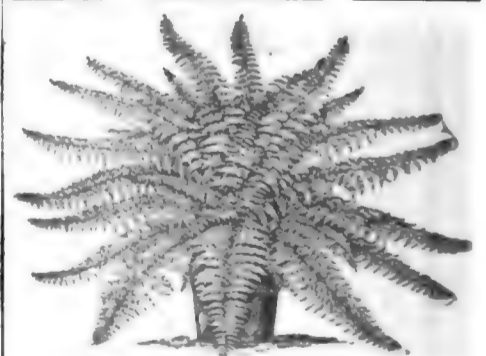
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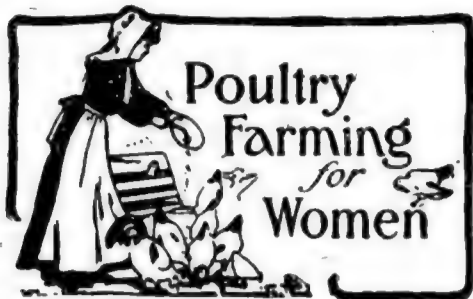
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Forcing Chickens for Breeders and Layers

SOME say, "don't force the chicks intended for breeders and layers," but I have found that chicks that are grown rapidly return the most money. We would not force the pullets to lay before they secure their growth by the use of stimulants, condiments and emmenagogues, but pullets that are grown quickly on a good healthy diet will mature their bodies before ripening their egg organs.

Pullets that are grown in the open air consume a larger amount of food and put it to a good use. The body will reach full development before she drops an egg. The ovary (the egg producing organ) is largely dependent on heat for its growth, and sometimes by keeping chicks long in heated brooders, close housing and feeding a stimulating, heat producing ration we can cause them to lay before the body has matured, and in that case the body will not mature to large size, or even full size for the breed. The ovary has ripened before the body has matured. Such pullets will never make good layers for any length of time, and their eggs are usually under size. It is probably because of having grown such pullets that writers have warned us not to force birds intended for breeders or layers.

When pullets are grown right—given room, airy coops at night, free range or large yard and fed a wholesome ration, there is no danger of their developing too fast.

When chicks are eight weeks old, they should be separated from their mothers, and the families divided; the young pullets being relegated to colony coops in orchard or partly shaded meadow, where they will have extensive free range; the cockerels being placed in the semi-confinement of wards, as their ultimate fate is the frying pan, which necessitates plump bodies, while free range would only develop frame and muscle.

Our colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in front, and twenty-four inches at the back. They are made of light scantling, the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper; and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are on the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily removed to fresh ground every week, and so kept clean with little trouble—an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop, so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside of the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual receptacles are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and food hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats, one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box and scratching the grain on to the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five gallon kegs are used, with an automobile escape, which keeps a small pan continually full. Both feed and water are placed under a rough shelter, to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, one pound of white middlings, one pound of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of beef scraps well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn, two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop about four p. m.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher, we buy the screenings by the cart load and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard, where it does not show, but is quite accessible to the chicks.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters.

Pullets which have to be grown in confinement should have a well-lit coop of good size, and having large openings. That is, the greater portion of one side should be wire. The pullets should not be crowded together, nor should they be grown in large flocks. They should be fed practically the same as those on free range. They should have the dry mash before mentioned, grit, charcoal and shells, and be fed grain and green food. Where the green food is lettuce, lawn clippings or garden refuse, they should have two grain feeds a day, and this should be scattered in litter, not too deep. Where sprouted oats are used for greens, one feed a day of hard grain is sufficient.

Cockerels and old hens should not be allowed with growing pullets. Where cockerels are allowed to run with pullets neither will mature to full size. Too often we see cockerels and pullets allowed free range on the farm, and all allowed to mix together. Good stock cannot be grown in this manner, and the future egg yield of the flock will not be as large as it would be if more care were given the growing stock.

Cockerels intended for breeders should have every advantage that will tend to full and perfect development, and I prefer, when possible, to give them free range, isolated from hens and pullets. Next to free range comes large yards with well-lit, roomy coops or roosts out of doors. Good cockerels as I ever raised lived all summer in a large yard without a coop. Poles were set up in the shade of a large apple tree, and on these the cockerels roosted. In event of a storm they sought the protection of a tree. They were a hardy close feathered bunch, and stood the rigors of a severe winter in an open house with the utmost comfort. At best they should only have a roof to protect them from rain.

Hawks and crows often make life a burden to the poultryman in chicken time, where the growing chicks range. It is a good plan to erect poles about the chicken range, and run wire or strong twine zigzag from these high enough to allow head room. From these lines suspend at frequent intervals strips of white and colored cloth, bright bits of tin and pieces of glass. This is the most effective crow and hawk scare we know of,

and it is well worth the expense and labor. Crows often become so bold that no other scare-crow will keep them from stealing young chicks, especially if bits of bright tin and glass are hung so that they will jingle in the breeze. Hawks generally come at the same time every day, so can easily be watched and shot.

Rats cause losses, and will frequently kill and hide a large number of chicks in a single night. Make the coops rat proof. Raise coops and boxes often, and kill any rats found beneath. A good rat dog is a great help. Traps are seldom effective, and poison is not safe in chicken time.

One of the most difficult problems which the poultry keeper has to meet is that of keeping his stock and poultry houses reasonably free from lice, mites and other external parasites.

In keeping a poultry plant free from lice there are two points of attack; one, the birds themselves; the other, the houses, nest boxes, roosting boards, etc.

In using any kind of lice powder on the birds themselves, it should always be remembered that a single application of powder is not sufficient. When there are lice present on a bird, there are always unhatched eggs of lice (nits) present, too. The proper procedure is to follow up a first application of powder with a second at an interval of four days to a week. If the birds are badly infested at the beginning it may be necessary to make still a third application. To clean the cracks and crevices of the woodwork of the houses and nests of vermin, a liquid spray or paint is probably the most desirable form of application.

A splendid lice powder may be made at a cost of only a few cents a pound in the following way: Take three parts of gasoline and one part of crude carbolic acid; mix these together and add gradually with stirring, enough plaster of Paris to take up all the moisture. The liquid and the dry plaster should be thoroughly mixed and stirred so that the liquid will be uniformly distributed through the mass of plaster. When enough plaster has been added, the resulting mixture should be a dry, pinkish brown powder, having a fairly strong carbolic odor and a rather less pronounced gasoline odor.

Do not use more plaster in mixing than is necessary to blot up the liquid. This powder is to be worked into the feathers of the birds affected with vermin. The bulk of the application should be in the fluff around the vent and on the ventral side of the body, and in the fluff under the wings. Its efficiency, which is greater than that of any other known to the writer, can be easily demonstrated by any one to his own satisfaction. Take a bird that is covered with lice and apply the powder in the manner just described. After the lapse of about a minute, shake the bird, loosening its feathers with the fingers at the same time, over a clean piece of paper. Dead and dying lice will drop on the paper in great numbers. Any one who will try this experiment will have no further doubt of the wonderful efficiency and value of this powder.

For a spray or paint to be applied to roosting boards, nest boxes, or the walls and floor of the henhouses the following preparation is used: Three parts of kerosene and one part crude carbolic acid. This is stirred up when used, and may be applied with any of the hand spray pumps or with a brush.

In both of these formula it is highly important that crude carbolic acid be used instead of the purified product. Be sure and insist to the druggist on getting crude carbolic acid. It is a dark brown, dirty looking liquid, and its value depends on the fact that it contains tar oil and tar bases in addition to the pure phenol (carbolic acid.)

So many of this month's inquiries have been about preventives or cures for gapes and bowel trouble, that I will take them for my text in-



A GOOD MOTHER.

stead of trying to answer the individual letters. Bowel trouble usually attacks brooder chickens—perhaps I should have said incubator chickens which have been reared in a brooder—more frequently than it does chicks under hens, and the cause is usually want of sufficient heat. Little chicks can't stand being chilly. If you notice even when hens are brooding, they will suffer if the hen happens to be a restless wanderer, and a cold, damp spell strikes us late in the spring. The brooder must be warm and well ventilated, and there should be a sheltered yard for them to exercise in for the first two or three weeks. If you are running a heated brooder, use a thermometer, and see that it keeps steadily at 95. If you have adopted the new fireless brooder, put plenty of cotton at the top, and never have less than twenty-five chicks to a brooder, for any less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm up the air inside of the brooder. It is also well to cover the bottom of the brooder box with hay sweepings or cut hay which is warm and soft for the little chicks to lie on. It is also very important to see that they go into their brooder at night, for they are very apt to run into some corner and huddle together, and of course become chilled before morning. Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under the hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with the hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop, for she is much more likely to brood then than when allowed to run alone.

Leg weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which cannot be used up within two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as young clover and the young sprouts of onions, of course, chopped fine enough to be acceptable for little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food, when about half boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must be very careful to feed it for some time until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, with a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water, is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the gills, or droopy in any way.

As I have explained before in these columns, gapes is really not a disease at all, but a parasite worm about one sixteenth of an inch in length, and like a thin thread. They lodge in the wind-pipe and suck the blood of their victim. They are supposed to materialize only on ground on which poultry droppings have been deposited for several seasons. For this reason it is best to try and locate the brooder coops on fresh ground each year, or have the ground where they have stood heavily dressed with lime and plowed in in the fall. These wretched little worms multiply very quickly if they are not removed from the bird's throat, for the little chicks have not strength to eject them, no matter how much they cough and choke. Some of the remedies are as follows: Dip the end of a small wing feather in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, turn two or three times quickly, and pull it out. The worm may come with it, but it is so small that it is always difficult to tell. Another is, to mix salt and water, or steep tobacco in water for ten minutes, pour a teaspoonful down the bird's throat; keep the head up, and the two holes at the base of the bill covered with the thumb and forefinger whilst you count five; release, and suddenly turn the bird upside down, holding by the feet. It will gasp, splutter, and usually eject the worm. But really, I think it is much better to make a practise to put the coops on clean ground, for trying to doctor little chicks is awfully difficult work.

Grain is likely to remain so high in price through the winter that every farmer must try to conserve every available home product. First among the food crops I count clover and corn; to be of the most value, clover should be cut early and cured in the cock, and not be allowed to become wet or sunburned. Clover rowen, or second crop, is no better than early cut hay, but that which has ripened its seed and been through the thrashing machine is little more nutritious than poor hay or straw.

Next among the grains I place millet and Kafir corn. The former is the most valuable for the midday feed, and also for small chicks. I prefer the new Japanese millet, which can be grown in any of the New England states, and if sown early will ripen a good crop of seed. It is not necessary to thrash grain; let it remain on the straw, and throw a forkful into the scratching pen each day. The straw makes good material for the hens to scratch in, keeps the house warm and fosters exercise.

Kafir corn is grown the same as Indian corn, and harvested in a similar manner. In feeding it the heads should be cut off and thrown into the scratching pen whole, and the stalks fed to the cow or horse. This corn is very similar to Indian corn in nutritive value, containing a trifle less of protein and fat. When harvested, Kafir corn can be bound in bundles and set up against the side of the poultry-house to cure if shelter cannot be provided for it. In this manner it serves the double purpose of food and a protection to the building.

Buckwheat should not be omitted from the list of grains. It can usually be grown on land from which another crop has been taken the same season. From the first to the eighth of July is about the right time to sow it. It is a good plan to feed this grain on the straw also, but a small crop can be threshed out very easily with the flail.

Sunflowers should be planted in every by-place, also in the runs. If the plants are protected until they get a start, they will keep out of the reach of the poultry, and afford them shade during the hot summer days.

Some poultrymen highly recommend the Australian salt-bush, and from what I have seen of it I deem it a most valuable plant. Poultry of all kinds highly relish it, and it seems to be very nutritious. It is fed green, or cured as hay and cut up. It will remain green all winter, and will stand twenty degrees below zero. One pound of seed will plant an acre, which will produce from fifteen to twenty-five tons of green forage.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

S. L. P.—There are several makes of corrugated boxes on the market, specially constructed for shipping eggs by parcel post. I think postage will be rather heavy from your state to New York. Better ask at your local post-office.

H. H.—The hen was naturally lazy, and acquired so much fat that it affected the egg organs. When hens develop an abnormal amount of fat in the intestines, it causes all manner of troubles. As you possibly know by cleaning fowls for the table, a hen who is laying or about to lay, has a large bunch of yolks, varying in size from a pinhead to a fully developed yolk, which lie near the backbone. As each yolk reaches its full size, it becomes detached from the bunch, and drops into a passage called the oviduct, and it is during its journey through that passage that it becomes enclosed in the white, and later the shell. When these parts are compromised by excessive fat in the intestines, all sorts of freaky conditions are apt to arise. In the case of your hen, the mouth of the oviduct must have been so weakened that it did not open to receive the yolk when it was detached, or retain the liquid which constitutes the white, and the lumps you found were a mixture of yolk and white, which had been held back and partly cooked by the heat of the body. It was probably the first egg, or the clutch of eggs, and if you had not killed the hen, she might have laid an egg which, on being opened, would have had the appearance of an old, rotten egg. But it is much more likely that the mass would have commenced to decompose in the bird's body, and caused a poisonous condition which would have killed her, or in the effort to lay, she might have broken a blood vessel in the brain, and have been found dead on the nest. Killing her just when you did, there had been no time for the mass to commence to rot, and the flesh was in no way affected, and so quite wholesome for food. If you have many of your old hens that appear very fat, I advise you to kill them for the table, and if you have any doubts about the condition of the flock, add a teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water once every third day until they have had three doses.

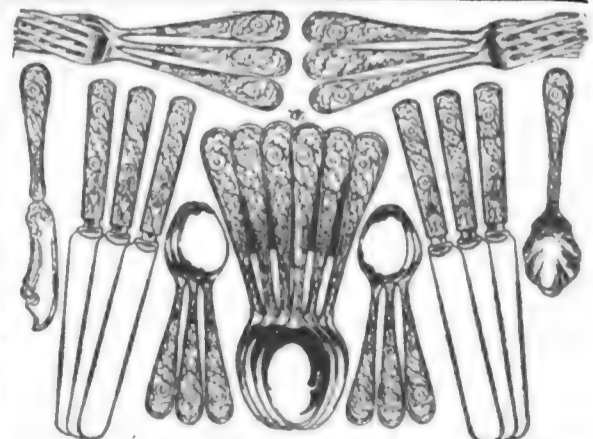
Your second letter, describing the condition of the duck, is answered, by the above, for it is undoubtedly a case of a ruptured egg passage. Ducks should be

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Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

WE have in the past made many offers of this set, but this time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This set which we offer you here is plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—8 Dinner Forks, 8 Teaspoons, 8 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades and bowls of the spoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.



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fed on a mixture of ground corn, oats, wheat bran, made into a mash with an equal quantity of cooked green vegetables, chopped and steamed clover and Alfalfa hay.

L. B.—As the birds have all been running together, I don't think it would be safe to use the eggs for hatching after dividing the varieties, for at least three weeks.

M. K.—Feeding one hundred hens and getting only from one to three eggs a day is dreadful. I try to impress on all our readers the mistake of keeping mixed flocks of mongrels. This is only one proof of how unprofitable they are. Better have ten birds of one good variety and get four or five eggs a day. Your method of feeding is good, especially as the birds have the run of the farm, but during the winter any sort of fowls must have animal and vegetable food, or they can't produce eggs.

B. O. B.—If the hen never lays a normal-sized egg, there must be some malformation of the egg organs. Hens often lay a few small eggs at the end of the clutch. I fear there is no remedy for the case.

L. J. Z.—You seem to be feeding heavily on very rich foods. Boiled potato skins, buckwheat, table scraps, animal meal and corn, are all very fattening, and as you only have fifteen hens to feed three times a day, it is more than likely that the birds are being overfed, and the bird who died was the first to break down. Her symptoms all suggest acute indigestion. Better cut out all of the above mentioned foods; give scratch feed in the morning, green vegetables at noon, and oats, or oats and wheat, at night. Add a teaspoonful of magnesia to a quart of drinking water once a week for three weeks.

E. W.—The fault may have been with the breeding stock. If it were old and excessively fat or poor and inbred, but most likely it was the method in which the incubator was run. If the heat ran up and down in an uncertain manner, or went below 103½ during the last twenty-four hours, the chicks would lose strength through the hatch being delayed, and that would account for the yolk not being drawn into the abdomen. The convulsive fits which you describe are nearly always the result of uneven temperature. Thermometers are not always to be trusted. They should be tested each season. Read the January and March numbers of COMFORT.

An Old Subscriber.—The first part of the department this month tells about coops.

F. F. F.—The heat was not sufficient in the machine, or you cooled the eggs too long each day. In a cellar, where the temperature is below fifty degrees, half an hour twice a day is too much, especially if you remove the lamp to trim and fill during that time, for the temperature in the egg chamber would run down so low that it would take several hours to reach 103 again. Read answer to E. W.

Drilling Wells is a Year Round Business. Drilling Water Wells is a profitable, healthful year-round business. There are wells all around you to be drilled. Don't you want to get into a money-making business for yourself? Write for particulars—Star Drilling Machine Co., 615 Washington St., Akron, Ohio.

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Pigeons Pay. Better than chickens. Young pigeons (singles) bring 60c to \$1.00 each when 8 to 4 weeks old. Big demand in city markets. Each pair of pigeons easily clear \$1 year. Always penned up. Free book describing MAJESTIC SQUAB CO., Dept. 68, Adel, Iowa.

Hackett's GAPE CURE. It's a powder. Chicks inhale the dust. Whole brood treated at once. Money back if it fails. Package 30c. postpaid. Safe, Simple, Certain. Address HACKETT'S GAPE CURE CO., HILLSBORO, Md., Dept. A.

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The Auction Co., Dept. 1854 Hillsboro, Mass.

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Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7374.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Twenty-eight
Large Size
Pages



For One
Subscription

EVERY woman who is interested in crocheting and tatting should have a copy of this new book written by Winifred Worth and containing many designs used by the nuns in convents never before published. The book is of good size, measuring 8 inches by 10 1/2 inches, printed on fine quality coated paper and consists of 28 pages on which are shown sixty-three large, clear photographic illustrations of the prettiest edgings, beadings, insertions, towel ends, doilies, etc., and a splendid variety of new, dainty designs in tatting with complete instructions for making them. The art of combining Venetian crochet and tatting also is fully explained.

Among the many beautiful crochet designs illustrated and described are the clover leaf, Irish, picot, cross-bar, half-shell, half-wheel, K-stitch and flat edgings; festoon, Irish, fence-row, picot and shell beadings; mile-a-minute, half-shell, clover leaf, flat and monkey-face insertions; butterfly wings, Van Dyke Point, suns' pattern and many others. The tatting motifs are varied and beautiful, consisting of beadings, edgings and insertions for table mats, bedspreads, curtains, guest towels, colic purses, night-gown yokes, bath towels, wash curtains, ribbon holders, plate doilies, etc., etc. This book also gives sizes of hooks best adapted for the different sizes of crochet threads, the abbreviations of all of the principal crochet stitches and terms used in tatting and tells how the different stitches are made such as the chain stitch, double crochet, half treble, double treble, treble crochet, cluster and open mesh stitches.

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Silk Remnants



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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar, with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

WIND GALLS.—My horse as wind puffs that are started on both front ankles. Can you tell me a cure and also what causes them? L. W.

A.—These are distensions of the synovial bursa of the joints or tendon sheaths from strain and they are practically incurable. Pressure from bandages does some good temporarily, when fully established wind galls do not cause lameness.

FISTULA.—I have a mare nine years old that has a running sore between her jaw bones. There is a hole about as big around as a pencil clear through. I would like your advice. A. L.

A.—The discharging pipe (sinus) no doubt connects with the root of a diseased bone. These should be removed by a skilled surgeon. Meanwhile inject a little of a two per cent solution of protargol once daily. This is expensive but effective.

CALLUS.—I have a seven-year-old mare that had a fistula last September. It healed but left a knot on two of her withers. I will appreciate any information. L. V. McL.

A.—Better leave the knot alone. If could only be removed by dissection and that possibly might cause recurrence of the fistula.

WEAK MULE.—My father has a mule four years old. He seems to be loose where his hips join the back bone. In walking he strains his hind legs, falls down and can't get up without help. He has been this way since last November. R. N. O.

A.—The mule may have strained the muscles of the loins, but such symptoms may also indicate "swamp fever" which is incurable. Let the mule run on grass this summer and be given additional feed. He may then gradually recover.

BLOAT.—Last spring I bought lambs from the sheepmen when a few hours old. I fed them fresh milk from a bottle, and when two weeks old gave them skim-milk. After feeding them skim-milk they would eat grass, bloat up and die. Did I feed them right? E. M.

A.—Add an ounce of lime-water to each pint of skim-milk when you start feeding that and they should do better. Also be careful to feed often and only small quantities at a time.

STINGHALT.—I have a three-year-old mare that is strangled. Will she outgrow it? She is not as bad as she was two years ago. Is there a remedy? Subscriber.

A.—She will not be likely to outgrow the disease but it may be remedied with a fair degree of success by the operation of perineal tenotomy to be performed by a trained veterinarian.

WEAK CALF.—A two-year-old heifer had a calf. It bawled a good deal and only lived four hours. The heifer was in good condition and is doing first rate. She was fed on plenty of oat groen feed and a little Timothy hay and all the salt and water she wanted. She had a stable to run in. The calf seemed to be too weak to hold up his head. Could you tell me what was the matter with the calf? Mrs. N. P. M.

A.—The heifer was inadequately fed and could not be expected to produce a strong calf. Feed clover or alfalfa hay, oats, corn and bran and such weak calves will become rare. Contagious abortion may, however, cause similar weakness.

Slobbering.—I have a mare six years old. She has trouble in trying to eat corn or hay. She wets the cobs as much as though they had been in water. Mrs. I. G.

A.—It seems perfectly clear that the teeth or some foreign body in the mouth cause both slobbering and difficulty in mastication and you should take the horse to a different graduate veterinarian for proper examination and treatment. It may be the milk teeth crowns or shells of molar teeth have lodged and need removing.

LAME COW.—I have a fine young milk cow which has a disease of the feet that is called crack-heel. Please tell me what to do for it. Mrs. F. K. W.

A.—You have not described the condition present so we cannot give a confident opinion. Cleanse the foot and cut away all rotten or loose horn, then immerse for a few moments in a solution of two ounces of sulphate of copper (blue stone) in a pint of water used hot. Afterwards soak onkum daily in a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and bind upon the foot.

CORON.—Could you tell me what is the matter with my brother-in-law's horse? He groans when he lies down. He has a cough, also a discharge from the nose, of a tough whitish color. It falls in the watering trough when he drinks. E. C.

A.—Heavens possibly is present. Try feeding him on grass alone in summer. Twice daily give him a tablespoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic. As there always is a possibility of glanders in such a case it would be well to have an examination made by a trained veterinarian.

BLOAT COLIC.—What is the best thing to do for cow that has bloat or for horse when it has colic? What is best remedy for him? Give him physic at once? What shall I give him? O. K.

A.—Give two ounces of turpentine or a tablespoonful of formaldehyde in a quart of milk. The cow may first have to be tapped in the left flank with a trocar and canula for removal of gas from the paunch. There are several kinds of colic. Usually an ounce or two of turpentine and an ounce of landanum will give relief. A bloated horse also has to be tapped high up in the right flank for removal of gas.

WARTS.—I have a cow which has warts on all four teats. What can I do to get rid of them? Mrs. J. N.

A.—Rub in beat Castor oil after each milking, or use olive oil or fresh goose grease and the warts may in time disappear. Those having narrow necks may be snipped off with scissors, a few at a time. Lightly rub with a lunar caustic pencil if they start growing again.

WARTS.—Can you give any information in regard to warts on cows' bags and on milkers' hands? What can be done for them? C. C. S.

A.—See answer to Mrs. J. N.

GROWTH.—I have a yearling colt that has a bleeding wart just below the ear and near the eye. Could you tell me anything that will help it? J. G.

A.—This possibly is not a wart but the opening of a fistula connecting with a supernumerary molar tooth which could be removed by a veterinarian. If no such condition is found present he should carefully remove the growth by dissection and then cauterize the wound.

WARBLER.—Can you tell me what caused two of my heifers to have worms under their hides? One was squeaked out by the hired man. It was an inch long and as large as the end of the little finger. Will they injure the animals? What can be done to prevent them? They were out all last summer. Could it be anything they got last summer? M. F. G.

A.—The grubs are the larvae of the ox warble fly (hypodermia lineate) hatched from eggs deposited by the fly in summer. Keep flies off by spraying the cows with commercial fly repellent during summer. Squeeze out and destroy each ripe grub. This is easily accomplished by placing the open mouth of a large bottle upon the "boil" and squeezing down hard. You need not fear to use the milk.

GRUBS.—In my April number of COMFORT I saw your answer to E. S. in regard to the Gadfly I saw. You say to prevent them to smear pine tar on the nose of the sheep in flytime. Will you please tell how often it would be necessary to apply the tar? I have taken COMFORT a number of years. J. N. F.

A.—Keep the noses daubed with pine tar, or a mixture of pine tar, grease and crude carbolic acid as long as flies are troublesome and often enough to protect the sheep. A good plan is to make large sugar holes in a squared log. Keep them filled with salt for the sheep to lick and keep tar dashed on the edge of the holes.

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Just ask in any drug store for a little Ice-mint and give your poor suffering, tired feet the treat of their lives. There is nothing better, nor nothing "just as good." Advt.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

"Tommy! I've dropped Tommy!" And she gazed anxiously backward and forward. "Oh, I see him and he'll be run over! Tommy! Tommy!"

She tore straight into the path of the galloping horse, where sat Tommy, placidly licking his whiskers.

Nerine's heart bounded.

The sun was straight in the eyes of the man on the horse; ten to one he could not see them.

"Remain where you are, May! Don't come!" she cried sharply. She drew after Joan, who was racing blindly for Tommy.

"Joan!" what a shout came from her young throat.

It was just in time that she reached the child and dragged her back—too late if her shriek of desperation had not been so loud and clear. For the man heard and saw her just in time, and swerved—swerved just clear of the girl and child, but alas! full over the luckless Tommy!

The flying hoofs struck and sent him into the air; he would never again sit in the sun and whisk his tail, never more bite unwary fingers.

Joan wrenched her shoulder from Nerine and ran to her beloved rat. Nerine, somewhat breathless from her fright, ran after her. Over at the point the man had stopped his horse and then came trotting back to them.

Both were stooping over Tommy, who lay still and limp on the sand. There was not a mark on the poor little beast, but he was dead.

"I beg your pardon very much," Nerine looked up to see the chestnut horse which had done the mischief close beside her, and the man in the act of dismounting. "I am afraid," slipping the bridle over his arm, "that I frightened you."

Nerine started. Where had she heard that slow drawl?

"Mr. Fairfax!" she said, looking at the strong, thin face, which was a little white, for Fairfax had the very uncomfortable knowledge that if he had not heard the girl shout he must have run straight over the child. For a moment he stared blankly; then he remembered her.

"Miss Lispenard!" he said, rather stupidly. "How do you do?"

Nerine had grown pale in her turn; the man reminded her so keenly of that hateful ball.

"Do you know," she said, grimly, "that you nearly rode over my little cousin?"

Mr. Fairfax was not given to humility, but he spoke very humbly now.

"I have to thank you that I did not. I never saw you till you shouted. I never thought of there being any one in this lonely place."

"Have you looked," shrieked Joan. With tears pouring down her pretty face she stamped her foot at him. "Just see what you've done. My Tommy is dead!"

Fairfax gazed in wild surprise on the dingy white animal. He had never been acquainted with anyone who took a rat about as though it were a dog.

Nerine explained, and he put his hand on the defunct Tommy with real sorrow.

"You shan't touch him!" Joan sat down on the sand still clasping Tommy. Her tears choked her tongue. "Oh, my Tommy!" she sobbed.

"Hush! Joan darling!" Nerine said softly. "Let me have Tommy." And she took him up carefully. "Look!" in an undertone, "he is quite dead."

Fairfax felt poor Tommy's heart. "I'm afraid he is," ruefully. "What a careless beast I was!"

He looked from the white rat in his hand to the sobbing Joan. Poor little girl! What could he say to her? He had never felt such a fool in his life, or so wantonly unkind.

"Poor Tommy!" May said. "Come, Joan, let's go home and bury him."

Joan shrieked.

"I won't. I won't never bury my Tommy! I won't dig a hole in the nasty earth and put him in." She clutched Nerine frantically.

"Joan!" Fairfax said suddenly, and something in his voice stopped the frantic sobs. "Look here; of course you don't want to bury him. You give him to me, and I will bring him back just exactly as if he were alive, stuffed, you know, like—"

He hesitated.

"Like mother's canary she had when she was a little girl?" Joan stopped crying as she asked her question. "Can you make him keep for always like that?"

"Always," Fairfax affirmed.

"Always," Fairfax affirmed.

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"Always," Fairfax affirmed.

"Always," Fairfax affirmed.

Joan surveyed him anxiously, then she suddenly sidled up to him.

"You wouldn't never bury him, would you? Will you bring him back tomorrow?"

"No, not tomorrow, but in a few days." He looked at Nerine. Where was he to take the beloved when the taxidermist was done with him?

Miss Lispenard explained.

"But won't it be a trouble to you?" she said. "Will you have to send him to London?"

"Oh, no! Only to the next town. It is only five miles from me; I live just about there," pointing vaguely, inland. "You are sure she would rather have this poor animal stuffed than get a new one?"

"Quite sure," gravely. And with some wonder she watched him put all that remained of Tommy into his pocket, and unforbidden by Joan, ride away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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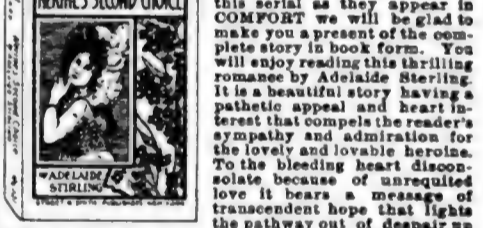
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

M. T., Lascassas, Tenn.—There isn't any "latest" style reply to give a young man when introduced because the same old style still prevails, which is to say that you are pleased to meet him. Of course, this doesn't mean anything, but it sounds pleasant, and the great mass of people who are introduced haven't originality enough to say any new thing which would be just as good form as pleasant, not to mention the fact that they might really mean what they said if they made up on the spot what they said. Do you grasp the idea? Now, if you are not like the great mass and can say something pleasant and pertinent, not impertinent on the occasion of an introduction, go right ahead and do it regardless of any rules of etiquette.

Miss H. B. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—As you are about to write to a man you do not know and you ask us what you should write, we will, as a friend, suggest that you begin by asking him if he is a married man, or an ex-convict, or a white slave, or any one of the others of dozens of undesirable things he might be as far as you know. Tell him that as a lady you ought to know what kind of a man you are corresponding with and as a gentleman he ought to tell you, no matter whether it is to his credit or not. You may not think it makes any difference what kind of a man you are writing to, but really it does, because it would be most embarrassing to you after three or four months of correspondence you should find out that he was not only married, but was an ex-convict as well. At least, it seems to us that you would feel rather embarrassed, especially if your letters had become somewhat tender and he showed them around to his pals. As a strict matter of etiquette don't write to strange men.

Cat's Eye, Passaic, N. J.—If a lady does not know what kind of a birthday present she wants and cannot tell the gentleman donor when he asks her, she should be satisfied with anything he may choose for her. Etiquette prescribes no rules in such cases.

Blue Eyes, Petrolia, Cal.—When a young wife, living in the country, has an opportunity to go to the dances and other occasional social gatherings of the community and her husband will not go with her simply because he doesn't want to go, or doesn't want her to go, we are almost tempted to tell her she should take on a little of the spirit of the modern woman of progress and go without him. A woman in her home all day needs some change and if she likes community society, we think her husband, even if he having been married and alone all day, does not want to go out in the evening, should be sufficiently considerate of her needs to go with her, or to make proper arrangements for her to go without him. Only the wholly selfish man will insist upon his wife staying at home all the time, and if at last she can endure it no longer and breaks away to the discredit of all, the husband is more to blame than the wife is. Many city wives go too much and neglect bones and husbands for their own selfish pleasure, but opportunities in the country are not such as they are in the city and husbands should be willing to make some concessions, even though they might not enjoy doing it. Why don't you organize a Wives' Protective Association in your community and start a campaign of social education for all husbands? That may sound like a joke to you, but it is really a serious proposition worth considering. We think your husband would hardly dare object to your attending the meetings of such an organization.

S. R. L., Mullen, S. Dak.—Wear your hair in the style that is most becoming to you no matter what the fashion book style is. You may follow the fashions in clothes, however ugly and unbecoming they may be, but your hair is part of you and you have no right to wear it any way except as will become you most. (2) The same kind of manners prevail at box suppers as elsewhere, and the gentleman always shows every deference to the lady. Make up the box to suit yourself. (3) "You are welcome," or just "Welcome" is hardly the proper response to the gentleman who thanks the lady for the dance. A bow and a smile are better, or some nice little speech appropriate to the occasion, which must be spontaneous.

Gray Eyes, Mason City, Iowa.—Lots of girls are too nervous to be good switchboard girls and if you are feeling that way about it, you should quit the telephone for other employment. If you like clerking and can get a good position, take it. Remember in whatever work you do that that which you like best you can do best and although it may not pay as some other work that you might do, the pleasure in your work more than balances the difference in the pay. If you have no interest in any work except the money you can make out of it, you will never excel at anything and never be worth much money to any employer.

Worried, Kendrick, Ida.—There is no disgrace in divorce if you are the innocent party and while we do not believe in seeking divorce, except in extreme cases, we do believe that it is better to suffer and waste one's life merely for convention's sake. If you are frank with your husband and tell him that you will not live with him unless he changes his manner of life and treats you as a good wife should be treated, he may realize that he has reached the limit and must reform. Give him six months' time and if he does not change, then go back to your parents' home and make the separation permanent. It's not every woman who would have endured what you have for nine years. And whatever you do, be sure that in all things your own conduct is above reproach and beyond gossip.

Little Orphan, Demopolis, Ala.—It is quite proper for a lady to pin a flower on a gentleman's coat whether she is engaged to him or not. Just now it is more proper to pin a bright little Stars and Stripes there.

E. C., Blue Ridge, Ga.—Rules of etiquette do not fit your case as rules of law court would. Try a writ of replevin on the false one to get your letters back, but no court or no etiquette can get him back. You have lost him and knowing how false he has proved, you should not grieve, but rather rejoice that you have been delivered out of this affliction.

Unhappy, Hellier, Ky.—If you have no more feeling than to wish to have your children and their father, even if you have discovered that you do not love him, and go away with another man, probably your husband and children would do better without you. What were such women ever made for? The man who wants you to go with him, we imagine is not much better than you are, is he?

Many Thanks, Augusta, Ky.—Etiquette does not prescribe just how far around the lady's waist the gentleman's arm should go before she dislikes it, but as this gentleman offended in that manner, you should tell him in advance how far he should go and he will not offend again, we hope. If he does, you may say anything you please to him expressive of your disapproval, or may even slap his jaws, as is sometimes done in impolite society.

Blue Eyes, Parry, Sask.—By a law of natural selection the big man will choose the little woman and the big woman will prefer the little man. It is the compensating rule which makes all things even. It sometimes happens, as in your case, that the big woman doesn't want the little man, but such cases are not natural. Still, you may marry as you please and live happily ever after, whether you are obeying the law of selection or not. Many do.

Brown Eyes, Rougemont, N. C.—The gentleman did not admire your style of manners in declining to be kissed and has no doubt sought ladies who are more to his liking. When he tells others that he still loves you, but that you are mad with him, he is merely prevaricating to defend his ungentlemanly conduct.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

which Emil Correlli had showered upon her. "How can I help you, lady?" Giulia inquired, with a look of surprise. "Call me Edith—I am only a poor, friendless girl, like yourself," she gently returned. "But I want to go away from this house immediately—I must get out of it unobserved; then I can catch a train that leaves Boston at three o'clock, for New York."

"Ah! you wish to run away from Emil!" exclaimed Giulia, her face lighting with eagerness. "Yes—I would never own myself his wife for a single hour. I was planning, when you came in, to get away tonight when the house was quiet; but doubtless they would lock my door if I continued to be obstinate, and it would be a great deal better for me, every way, if I could go now." Edith explained.

"Yes, I will help you—I will do anything you wish," said Giulia, heartily. "Then come!" exclaimed Edith, excitedly. "I want you to go down to him; he is in one of the rooms below—in the library, I think—a room under the one opposite this. He will be so astonished by your unexpected visit that he will be thrown off his guard, and you must manage to occupy his attention until you are sure I am well out of the house—which will be in less than ten minutes after you are in his presence—and then I shall have nothing more to fear from him."

"I will do it," said the Italian girl, rising, a look of resolve on her handsome but care-lined face.

"Thank you! thank you!" returned Edith, earnestly. "I am going straight to New York to friends; but of course, you will not betray my plans."

"No, indeed; but do you think your friends can help you break with Emil—do you believe that ceremony can be canceled?" breathlessly inquired Giulia.

"I hope so," Edith answered; "at all events, if I can but once put myself under the protection of my friends, I shall no longer fear him. I shall then try to have the marriage annulled. Perhaps, when he realizes how determined I am, he may even be willing to submit to it."

"Oh, do you think so?—do you think so?" cried Giulia, tremulously, and with hopeful eagerness.

"I will hope so," replied Edith, gravely, "and I will also hope that I may be able to do something to make you and this dear child happy once more. What a sweet little fellow he is!" she concluded as she leaned forward and kissed him softly on the cheek, an act which brought the quick tears to his mother's eyes.

"You must go," said Edith, advancing to the door, and softly opening it. "I have no time to lose if I am to catch my train. Remember, the room under the one opposite this—you will easily find it. Now, good by, and Heaven bless you both."

With a look of deepest gratitude and veneration, Giulia Florini, her child clasped in her arms, passed out of the room and moved swiftly toward the grand staircase leading to the lower part of the house; while Edith, closing and locking the door after her, stood listening until she should reach the library, where she was sure Emil Correlli sat reading.

She heard the sweep of the girl's robes upon the stairs; then, a moment later, a stifled exclamation of mingled surprise and anger fell upon her ears, after which the library door was hastily shut, and Edith began to breathe more freely.

She hastened to put on her jacket, preparatory to leaving the house. But an instant afterward her heart leaped into her throat, as she caught the sound of the hurried opening and shutting of the library door again.

Then there came swift steps over the stairs. Edith knew that Emil Correlli was coming to ascertain if she were safe within her room; that he feared if Giulia had succeeded in gaining an entrance there, without being discovered, she might possibly have escaped in the same way. She moved noiselessly across the room toward the dressing-case and opened a drawer, just as there came a knock on her door.

"Is that you, Mrs. Goddard?" Edith questioned, in her usual tone of voice, though her heart was beating with great, frightened throbs. "No; it is I," responded Emil Correlli. "I wish to speak with you a moment, Edith."

"You must excuse me just now, Mr. Correlli," the girl replied, as she rattled the stopper to one of the perfumery bottles on the dressing-case; "I am dressing, and cannot see any one just at present."

"Oh!" returned the voice from without, in a modified tone, as if the man were intensely relieved by her reply. "I beg your pardon; but when can I see you—how long will it take you to finish dressing?"

"Not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, perhaps," she returned. "Ah, you are relenting!" said the man, eagerly. "You will come down by and by—you will dine with us this evening, Edith?" he concluded, in an appealing tone.

"Mr. Correlli," she said at last, in a tone which he interpreted as one of timid concession, "I—I wish to do what is right and—I think perhaps I will come down as soon as I finish dressing."

His face lighted and flushed with triumph. He believed that she was yielding—won over by the munificent gifts with which he had crowded her room.

"Ah! thank you! thank you!" he responded, with delight. "But take your own time, dear, and make yourself just as beautiful as possible, and I will come up for you in the course of half an hour."

He flattered himself that he would be well rid of Giulia by that time; and having assured himself that Edith was safe in her room, and, as he believed, gradually submitting to his terms, he retraced his steps down-stairs, the cruel lines about his mouth hardening as he went, for he had resolved to cast off forever the girl who had become nothing but a burden and an annoyance to him.

Edith did not move until she heard him enter the library again and close the door after him.

Then, hurriedly, buttoning her jacket and planning on her hat, she took from her trunk the package which she had made up an hour before, stole softly from her room and down the back stairs to the green hall.

The outer door was closed and bolted—the gasman having long since finished his errand and departed—and she could hear the cook and one of the maids conversing in the kitchen just across the hall.

Evidently no one had attempted to go upstairs since Giulia's entrance, consequently the key had not yet been unhooked nor the door discovered to be unlocked.

Cautiously slipping the bolt to the street door, Edith quickly passed out, closing it noiselessly after her.

Another moment she was in the street, speeding with swift, light steps across the park. Arrived at the station, she had ten minutes to wait, after purchasing her ticket, and the uneasiness with which she watched the slowly moving hands upon the clock in the gloomy waiting-room may be imagined.

Her waiting was over at last, and, exactly on time, the train came thundering to the station.

Edith quickly boarded it, then sank weak and trembling upon the nearest empty seat, her heart beating so rapidly that she panted with every breath.

Then the train began to move, and, with a prayer of thankfulness over her escape, the excited girl leaned back against the cushion and gave herself up to rest, knowing that she could not now be overtaken before arriving in New York.

This feeling of security did not last long, how-

ever, and she was filled with dismay as she thought that Emil Correlli would doubtless discover her flight in the course of half an hour, if he had not already done so, when he would probably surmise that she would go immediately to New York and so telegraph to have her arrested upon her arrival there.

The first time the conductor came through the car she asked him for a Western Union slip, when she wrote the following message and addressed it to Royal Bryant's office on Broadway:

"Shall arrive at Grand Central Station, via B. & A. R. R., at nine o'clock. Do not fail to meet me. Important. EDITH ALLANDALE."

When the conductor came back again, she gave this to him, with the necessary money, and asked if he would kindly forward it from Framingham for her.

He cheerfully promised to do so. Then, feeling greatly relieved, Edith settled herself contentedly for a nap, for she was very weary and heavy-eyed from the long strain upon her nerves and lack of sleep.

She did not wake for more than three hours, when she found that daylight had faded, and that the lamps had been lighted in the car.

At New Haven she obtained a light lunch from a boy who was crying his wares through the train, and when her hunger was satisfied she straightened her hat and drew on her gloves, knowing that another two hours would bring her to her destination.

Then she began to speculate upon possible and impossible things, and to grow very anxious regarding her safety upon her arrival in New York.

Perhaps Royal Bryant had not received her message.

He might have left his office before it arrived; maybe the officials at Framingham had even neglected to send it; or Mr. Bryant might have been out of town.

What could she do if, upon alighting from the train, some burly policeman should step up to her and claim her as his prisoner?

She had thus worked herself up to a very nervous and excited state by the time the lights of the great metropolis could be seen in the distance; her face grew flushed and feverish, her eyes were like two points of light, her temples throbbing, her pulses leaped, and her heart beat with great, frightened throbs.

The train had to make a short stop where one road crossed another just before entering the city, and the poor girl actually grew faint and dizzy with the fear that an officer might perhaps board the train at that point.

Almost as the thought flashed through her brain, the car door opened and a man entered, when a thrill of pain went quivering through every nerve, prickling to her very finger-tips.

A second glance showed her that it was a familiar form, and she almost cried out with joy as she recognized Royal Bryant and realized that she was safe.

He saw her immediately and went directly to her, his gleaming eyes telling a story from his heart which instantly sent the rich color to her brow.

"Miss Allandale!" he exclaimed, in a low, eager tone, as he clasped her outstretched hand. "I am more than glad to see you once again."

"Then you received my telegram," she said. "Yes, else I should not be here," he returned; "but I came very near missing it. I was just on the point of leaving the office when the messenger-boy brought it in. I suppose our advertisement is to be thanked for your appearance in New York this opportunity."

"Not wholly," Edith returned. "If it had been that alone which called me here, I need not have telegraphed you. I saw it only yesterday; but my chief reason for coming hither is that I am a fugitive."

"A fugitive!" repeated her companion, in surprise. "Ah, yes, I wondered a little over that word 'important' in your message. It strikes me," he added, smiling significantly down upon her, "that you left New York in very much the same manner."

"Yes," she faltered, flushing rosily. "From whom and what were you feeling, Edith? Surely not from one who would have been only too glad to shield you from every ill?" said the young man.

She shot one swift glance into his face and saw that his eyes were luminous with the great love that was throbbing in his manly heart, and with an inward start of exceeding joy she dropped her lids again, but not before he had read in the look and the tell-tale flush that flooded cheeks, brow and neck, that his affection was returned.

"I will forgive you, dear, if you will be kind to me in the future," he whispered, taking courage from her sweet shyness and bashfulness. "And now tell me why you are a fugitive from Boston, for your telegram was dated from that city."

"I will," she murmured, "I will tell you all about the dreadful things that have happened to me; but not here," she added, with an anxious glance around. "Will you take me to some place where I shall be safe?" she continued, appealingly. "I have no place to go unless it is to some hotel, and I shrink from a public house."

"My child, why are you trembling so?" the young man inquired, as he saw she was shaking from head to foot. "I am very glad," he added, "that I was inspired to board the train at the crossing, and thus can give you my protection in the confusion of your arrival."

"I am glad, too; it was very thoughtful of you," said Edith, appreciatively; "but—but I am also going to need your help again in a legal way."

"You shall have it; I am ready to throw myself heart and hand between you and any trouble of whatever nature. Now about a safe place for you to stay while you are in the city. I have a married cousin who lives on West Fortieth street; we are the best of friends and she will gladly entertain you at my request, until you can make other arrangements."

"But to intrude upon an entire stranger—" began Edith, looking greatly disturbed.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by all druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you. Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

OVERLAND GIVEN

Don't buy an auto. If you live in the country or town under 10,000, you can get this new, 1917 OVERLAND without cost, as a reward for a few weeks' spare time working in your own community. Many machines already given away. Write today for my name. H. D. BRATTON, Dept. A 24, OMAHA, NEB.

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

At a small cost by using our Attachable outfit, FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, \$35 and up. SHAW MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 15, Galena, Kansas.

SHAC For Headache

More Than 25 Years on the Market Used Wherever Heads Ache 12 Wafers—12 Doses At all drug stores for 25 cents

Fish Bite

Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted. Walton Supply Co., Dept. 67 St. Louis, Mo.

COIN RINGS 50 Cents POST

Made of new dimes; embossed. Big hit! Agents, big discount. 50c. for sample—Money back if not satisfied. Wm. COMERFORD, 40 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ELECTRIC FARM, HOME & MOVIE LIGHT & POWER PLANTS.

LIGHTS, HOME COMFORTS & POWER SERVICE. Power & Fan Motors, Storage & Medical Batteries, Dynamos, Engines, Pumps, Belts, Motion Picture Machines, Catalog, Sets, OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For A Club Of 10

Handsome Silk Parasol

COLORED parasols are stylish and also a great source of comfort to any woman or girl on hot summer days when walking or driving in the sun. No matter how hot the day may be they help to keep you cool and comfortable, therefore are just the thing to take with you on your trips to the seashore, the mountains, the country or wherever you happen to go. These parasols come in different colors—navy blue, cardinal and Kelly Green—have a mansion handle with fancy tassels, a wooden rod and an eight rib frame. When open they have a spread of 32 inches. We will send you one free upon the terms of the following offer. Be sure to mention color wanted.

Club Offer. For a club of ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a parasol free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 72510.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Congoleum Rug

Premium No. 7206

Given For A Club Of Six!

A YARD and a half long and one yard wide. Water cannot rot it, sun cannot fade it. It lies flat on the floor without nails, tacks or paste and positively will not curl up at the edges. The Congoleum Rug is something new. It is not oilcloth or Linoleum or made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other floor covering in the world. It is absolutely waterproof, and not affected by heat or cold. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. In doors you can use it on your bathroom, hall, pantry or kitchen floor, under the refrigerator or in any room in the house. No matter where you place it it will wear splendidly and give years of service. These rugs come in many different designs and beautiful combinations of colors and we have selected the one illustrated here with as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug, or in hall, kitchen, pantry or chamber. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want more of them at once so we have arranged to supply you with as many as you may need upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one Congoleum Rug free by express or parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7206. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. J. H. B., Ithaca, N. Y.—It is not necessary in renting to have a printed contract, or lease, as a written one is quite as binding. However, you can get printed blanks for a few cents and save considerable writing, besides they contain the important conditions that you might not think of. Make inquiries in any real estate office in your town, for any details you may think you need. The renting of your house you will find a much easier proposition than getting a good tenant who is prompt pay and will take proper care of the property.

Mrs. N. W. B., Freedom Station, Ohio.—About the only purchasers for newspapers of ancient date are collectors, or libraries wanting to complete files and your best plan to get to them is by advertising what you have in the city newspapers. You can put such an advertisement in the Cincinnati Enquirer, or the Want Ads. at no cost to you. Ask your county editor to write the ad for you—that is, if you are a subscriber to his paper, which you ought to be.

Miss M. P., Antigo, Wis.—The words "Je vous aime," as you have them, should be "Je vous aime," and they are French, meaning "I love you." Why didn't you ask the young man why he didn't know his French better before quoting it at you?

V. A. S., Welch's P. O., Va.—Good walnut logs are as good as old wheat, or new money and if you will advertise them for sale in a city newspaper, or in The American Lumberman, Chicago, Ill., so that buyers will know what you have, you will have no trouble in disposing of them at a fair price. Other COMFORT readers having walnut logs for sale make a note of this.

Mrs. J. F. H., Oaktown, Ind.—We know of no lists of Woman's Exchanges. Nearly every town of any size has one or more, and if you will address your letter to "Woman's Exchange" in any city you want to deal with, it will be delivered. There is one there. Put your address in corner of your envelope for return if not delivered.

Mrs. K. D. E., Bloxi, Miss.—We are glad to see that you want to make the farm productive on different lines. Write to Fulda Buttery Shop, 812 Broadway New York City, for information about butter and moths and to Meyer Bros., Wholesale Druggists, St. Louis, Mo., for information about roots and herbs. There is something in raising pheasants, but you must know how to do it and have capital enough to do it in a businesslike manner. Partridges are not so easy. Belgian hares, now that the food supply is becoming a matter of interest, might be made profitable. In doing any of these things, however, you must remember that you can do nothing successfully unless you are fully informed as to conditions not only of raising things, but of marketing them. Find out what you can sell in a small way to your local people and gradually build up your business.

L. M., Shelbyville, Texas.—You can get a Concordance of the Scriptures from any bookseller. Cruden's is the standard and has been in use for many years. There are other good ones and small condensed concordances can be bought very reasonably. The complete ones are somewhat expensive. Write to American Bible Society, Bible House, New York City.

A. F. H., Garnaville, Iowa.—Nota Bene is Latin, meaning note well, or in the vernacular, Take Notice. (2) How strong a current of electricity a man can stand depends upon a number of conditions and kinds of current. Generally speaking 500 volts will kill, while 200 are dangerous and 100 don't amount to much. From 1,500 to 2,000 are usually administered in electrocution. (3) The cost of the European war up to now can only be guessed at, but it is far up in the billions and increasing every day. The U. S. began its share with an appropriation of seven billions.

Inquirers wanting to know about Golden Seal were informed in May COMFORT to write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for particulars and we hereby repeat that advice as we are no authority on the subject.

Mrs. A. A. D., Hemp, Ga.—We cannot express an opinion on the merits of any educational institution, classical or commercial, because so much more depends

upon the student than upon the teaching that a fair estimate could not be made. If you have the natural faculty for the branch you wish to study, you will succeed in getting all there is to be taught, not much matter where you go. On the other hand if you think you can be taught to do well what you have no taste or aptitude for, the best school and teachers on earth cannot make a success of you. Certainly some schools are better than others, but the right kind of a student will make up the difference. It will be safe to consider with care any unusual claims that any institution may offer to its graduates, for they do not always make good, though even in that regard the natural qualifications of the applicant may often be the cause of failure to find positions for all.

Mrs. F. C., New Cumberland, W. Va.—The Carnegie Hero Fund is located in Pittsburgh, Pa., and its Secretary and Manager is F. M. Whitton. Write to him, but do not expect much unless you have a record of real heroism and real facts with good backing.

Miss A. D., Morefield, Nebr.—There have been twenty-eight Presidents of the United States. Andrew Jackson was the first elected as a Democrat and since his time there have been Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Cleveland and Wilson, these latter two being the only democrats since the Civil War. Cleveland was the only President married in the White House, and he and Buchanan were the only Presidents to occupy the White House as bachelors. Buchanan never married. George Washington was married in 1759 and was inaugurated in 1789. His wife was Martha Randolph Custis, widow of John Parke Custis, and she was a Virginian as he was.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

humble servant. She will thank me for bringing you to her, and I am sure that you will be happy with her. But why do you start so?—why are you so nervous?" he concluded, as she sprang from her seat, when the train stopped, and looked wildly about her.

"I am afraid," she gasped.

"Afraid of what?" he urged, with gentle persistence.

"Of a man who has been persecuting me," she panted, the look of anxious fear still in her eyes. "I ran away from him today, and I have been afraid all the way to New York, that he would telegraph ahead of the train, and have me stopped—that was why I sent the message to you."

"I am very glad you did," said the young man, gravely. "But, Edith, pray do not look so terrified; you are sure to attract attention with that expression on your face. Calm yourself and trust me," he concluded, as he took her hand and laid it upon his arm.

"I do—I will," she said; but her fingers closed over his with a spasmodic clasp which told him how thoroughly wrought up she was.

"Have you a trunk?" he inquired, as they moved toward the door, the train having now entered the Grand Central Station.

"No; I left everything but a few necessary articles. I can send for it later by express," she responded.

The young man assisted her from the train, then replacing her hand upon his arm, was about to signal for a carriage when they were suddenly confronted by a policeman and brought to a halt in the most summary manner.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the man, speaking in a businesslike tone to Mr. Bryant, "but I have orders to take this lady into custody."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

the body politic. The old era of congestion on one hand and anamia on the other will not be tolerated. It is rather a waste of time now that thrones and dynasties are crumbling, old ideas going by the board, and new nations being carved out of the welter of blood almost overnight (upsetting all our preconceived notions of things), to say just what the future is going to hold for any of us. Personally I think there is a brighter day ahead for all mankind, and the nation that cannot make life worth while for its people, and find plenty of opportunities for its virile and ambitious youth will have to go into the melting pot and be reconstructed along entirely new lines, for the day is rapidly coming when men will no longer submit to the intolerable conditions which their rulers and bosses have forced upon them in the past.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

BELOVED UNCLE: My husband and I are young people just starting out in life and he has a good class "rag" just published, entitled "Flap Jacks." I am sending one to you today. I want all our COMFORT musicians to have a copy of this popular "hit." Every one sending 25c we will mail it anywhere postpaid. My husband is the composer of it. Now, Uncle Charlie, I don't feel that we are asking too much of you to help us. That is what we are here for is to help one another. I know if the members of the League would hear this piece of music they would be more than pleased. Oh! Uncle, how I would like for you to hear us play it together, violin and piano. It is selling fast here in Dallas and I want to get it introduced there in your city, and everywhere I can.

How You Can Get This Story In Book Form



If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of the story as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy reading this thrilling story of mingled romance and tragedy for it is one of the very best Mrs. George Sheldon has written. The heroine is a refined and beautiful character that will challenge your wonder and admiration and stir the heart's strongest emotions. The story is full of action which moves rapidly through a succession of startling events to a serial in COMFORT through the fall, winter and spring months, but you need not wait in order to get the complete story. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Uncle Charlie's Home Fund

UNCLE CHARLIE reports \$223.00, donations and subscriptions to his Home Fund by 340 persons during the month of April. This brings the total of the fund on May first up to \$1,703.00 contributed by 2,515 of his friends who have thus given substantial tokens of their love and appreciation of him.

Every little counts and he is duly grateful to every contributor, however small the contribution, and above all he is pleased because each gift is a manifestation of good will. The only trouble is that there ought to be many times more of them. What a paltry few. Only 2,515 contributors out of the tens of thousands who profess their admiration of him! If you sincerely wish to send him a pledge of your affection, don't hold back merely because you are constrained by circumstances to make it very small.

Again let me remind you how you can help:

1. By cash donations.
2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see advertisement.)

So please grant us this favor and help us and I hope to hear from every one of the members sooner or later.

Hoping this will not find its way to the waste basket I am your sincere friend,

LILLIAN.

What a sweet, ingenuous little note. It is truly amazing how modest are the requests that are made on those who make and publish magazines. A man who puts out a good, whole-souled, helpful publication, if luck comes his way, makes a whole army of friends. Most of these friends want to be helpful and are helpful. There are however, thousands who think that a magazine is their legitimate prey, specially designed by Providence to supply them without cost, with an easy market in which they can dispose of millions of dollars' worth of whatever goods they may happen to have on hand. Lillian wants us to give her our advertising space free of charge. Now magazines and newspapers have two things to sell. These are news, literature, etc., and advertising space. No publication can live that gives these commodities away any more than a baker could live if he gave his loaves away. There is no greater business in the world than advertising. It brings the manufacturer and the purchaser together and stimulates trade the world over. Some foolish people never read the advertising sections of magazines, and yet advertisers in many instances have spent tens of thousands of dollars to bring to their notice some labor-saving device or some article of use and adornment sadly needed in the home. Lillian says: "Now Uncle Charlie, I don't feel we are asking too much of you to help us," and reminds us that is what we are here for to help one another. I quite agree with you, Lillian, that we are here to help one another, but apparently you don't believe in the doctrine of mutual help. You want COMFORT to give you a hundred dollars' worth of advertising without charge. I don't call that helping one another. I call that getting rich at another's expense, and displaying a sordid selfishness of a very contemptible kind. Young people who start out in life with health and strength and apparently with ability and talent, should start out right, and the way to start right is to have sufficient character to pay for what you get and ask favors of no one. People who have confidence in the articles they have for sale do not ask people to advertise them free of charge. If we advertised your music free of charge, Lillian, thousands of others would come down on us to do the same little stunt for them. Legitimate advertisers, who are willing to pay for space, would be crowded out and tightwads, dead heads and schemers, who will pay for nothing if they can help it would hold sway in our columns. Then something would happen. You'd have to pay a dollar a year for your COMFORT or we'd have to go into bankruptcy. We don't care to go bankrupt, Lillian, not even to oblige such charming young rascals as you. If people would only think before they make preposterous requests how much better it would be for them and for the world at large.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the right spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents added you receive a membership certificate and an attractive five League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. League members numbering over twenty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. League could thirty cents be invested to such advantage and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending in a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and this can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

W. J. Bennett, Northville, N. Y. Invalid for fifteen years. No means of support. Give him a boost. Fannie Craig, Sanville, Va. Invalid. Would appreciate second-hand clothing, quilt pieces, and

WHAT WILL YOU CHARGE

to display an elegant sample PIANO in your home and allow us to refer to you as our local representative? Write today for Special Agents' Display Plan No. 20.

HAGGERTY-COOK CO. Warren, Pa.

Superfluous Hair Remover

Free! (Patent) hair removal preparation. Removes any hair growth instantly. Even toughest, most wiry hair imaginable. Unlike any other preparation. Germicidal; antiseptic; won't injure or irritate delicate skin. Results guaranteed. Delicately perfumed. Pleasant to use. Free trial bottle (please specify) to prove its merit. SEND NO POSTAGE. Harry Louise Wright, Dept. 146, 504 E. 4th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE

Send today for 12 pieces of our High Grade Jewelry to sell at 25 cents each. When sold send money to us and get your choice of any 2 premiums. We trust you and take back all unsold. TOWNES NOVELTY CO., Richmond, Va.

FISH WILL BITE

Any time in any water if you use the guaranteed OVEE FISH LURE. The box lasts forever. Three traps catch fish where all others fail. AGENTS WANTED. Trial for 10 days free. OVEE LURE CO., Dept. 52, Louisville, Ky.

FACE WASH

Mrs. Bradley's famous preparation removes old cuticle and gives you new, soft, white skin free from oiliness. Removes moles, tan, freckles, pimples. 25c pkg., 50c for 100 by mail. Agents wanted. Mrs. C. S. Bradley, 9121 Western Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

any assistance you care to send her. Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Shut-in for many years. Needy and worthy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. John Owens, Golly Springs, Ga. Forty-six years of age. Chronic invalid. No means of support. Send him some help. Mrs. Anna Kindred, Bicknell, Ind. Widow. Aged, sick and poor. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Martha J. Graham, Shuff, Va. Widow. Has lung trouble. Very poor and needy. Give her a helping hand. Mary Fuller, Hopkinton, N. Y. Paralyzed from the waist down for twelve years. Poor, lonely and helpless. Do something for her. Lottie H. Cobler, Price, N. C. Invalid. Well recommended. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread.

Be good and you'll be happy. The only way to be good is to do good. Faith without works is dead. Prayers, tracts and sympathy are all right, but it takes money to buy bread. Christianity that is not practical cuts no ice in heaven or earth. Now I've told you what to do. Open your pocketbooks as well as your hearts if you want a blessing. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Funniest He Ever Read!

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the rosy month of June when man and maiden love to spoon and wander 'neath the silver moon and all that sort of thing that we never outgrow and which comes around regularly every time June does. Lots of people say it's silly and sensible persons don't do anything of the sort, and maybe they don't, but just the same, my dears, the world wouldn't be worth living in if the rosy month of June weren't rosy and didn't rhyme with moon and spoon. So there, and let us all thank the Lord for June, no matter how sensible we are or are not. Now, having got the June-spoony-moony out of my system, I'll go to work.

The first letter on the pile before me is from Hazel-nut of Chapel Hill, Tenn., and she is in doubt about accepting the attentions of a grass widower who has not yet received his divorce papers. I'm glad she is in doubt and I hope she will doubt on the safe side until the man has a legal right to seek another wife. He hasn't now, and the fact that he is so anxious to get another is strong evidence against him. Maybe Hazel-nut may like that kind, but I do not. She may marry him when he is free, but I think she will be sorry for it.

Lorayne, Lorain, Ohio.—Well, well, does a Buck-eye girl have to ask me if she should marry a man who is more or less of a drunkard, a liar and a do-nothing? Don't be afraid if you refuse him, that he will injure some one you love, or harm anybody. He isn't that kind. Turn him down and keep him turned down and don't dream of being a movie actress. The nearly as hopeless as marrying the man you mention.

Alone, Ripley, Tenn.—Of course you mustn't marry the soldier you write to, but know nothing of it. May be he has a wife and children. (2) You have no right to insist upon the exclusive attention of any young man unless you are engaged to him. Be sensible about a young man and you will have more attention and better.

Billy, Evans, Texas.—A girl can be a chronic flirt and not be a bad girl, as that term is generally understood, but she cannot be and be an honorable girl. You admit being engaged to four young men at once, all of them thinking you were honest and honorable, but you could not have become engaged without lying to at least three of them and you have acted dishonorably with all four. It is not for me to say how you will redeem yourself, but all the engagements should be broken to begin with and each man should know the reason. That would be an honorable and honest beginning. When you say you are naturally a flirt, I believe you, just as I would believe a burglar who said he was naturally a thief. Science is devising some means to correct such defectives.

Sallie, Paducah, Ky.—Why don't you be honest with the jealous suitor and tell him frankly you don't like him and don't want him to annoy you with his attentions? Are you so afraid that you will lose him you can't be honest with yourself and with him?

Two Girls, Park City, Utah.—As your parents object to your receiving attention from young men because of your youth, suppose you wait until you are of age and can pick and choose for yourselves. Time is a terror to throbbing hearts. Try it for a year or two.

Joy C., Peoria, Ill.—Your parents are too good to you. Instead of my giving you advice how to act with your beau, I should like to give them advice how they should act with him.

Perplexed, Pleasant Valley, Ky.—The fact of your being three years older than he does not mean anything at all, but the fact that a young chap of twenty-one likes his "toddy" may mean a very great deal before he is forty. However, as he is so good to his sisters maybe he will be good to you; I'm dreadfully afraid though of liquor in the family.

Brown Eyes, Steptoe, Ky.—I don't think it is a question whether or not you should drop him, as he seems to have dropped you. Still, he has no right to do so, only because he was not at home to receive him at four o'clock when he had an engagement to call for you at one o'clock. Anyway, don't take him back till he apologizes.

Three Girls, Stahlstown, Pa.—All three of you writing about beaux and all three of you can't write without incorrect spelling and grammar. One of you even calls a chaperon a "chapermoon"! Oh, my, oh me, and you want to know about beaux instead of books!

Cowgirl, Animas, N.M.—Well, my dear, being as how he is an old friend and going away to be gone several years, I think maybe I can excuse you for kissing him good by, but don't let it happen again. And don't you say you have higher ambitions than marriage. There is no higher ambition for a woman than marriage if she marries as she should marry. Marriage, just to be marrying, is no ambition whatever.

Lonesome, Prairie View, Kans.—If you really loved him you would know it and wouldn't have to ask me. As you do not love him as you should, for goodness' sake, don't marry him, or you never will love him. Break the engagement. It may hurt him, but not nearly as much as to marry him and have him learn he had a wife who didn't love him.

Alca, Greeley, Colo.—By all means tell the young man you did not write the letter to which your name was signed. If you really like him, treat him nicely and he may take you out riding again and you may be real sweethearts yet, but don't kiss and make up. Kissing is not necessary to friendship.

Lelawa, Carrizozo, N.M.—Don't be afraid you will have to marry the man if you do not want to. This is a free country yet, and nobody can compel you to be married against your will.

June Bug, Towas City, Mich.—My dear, why should you want to win back a young man who thought so little of you that he let a married woman win him away from you? I wouldn't tell you how to win him back, if I knew forty ways of doing it. Let him go and be glad to get rid of him.

Ruby, Daisy, Ga.—Beware of the widower who begins his attentions by intimating that he does not want any other women. That sort of a man is a mean, jealous pig that is a nagger always and hard to get along with. Still, if you like that kind, suit yourself. Until you become engaged you are at liberty to have just as many beaux as you can attract to you. Don't be a slave to anybody until you have to. (2) When he knew where you were he should have come there for you, instead of waiting at your house for you.

There, my dears, your questions are all answered, except some that were too silly and others not for me which you will find in other departments. I have felt so good that summer is here that I have not scolded much and I hope you feel just as rose colored in your tempers as I do. Now run along and be summer girls, but remember that the summer girl must be the right kind of a girl all the year around. By, by, **COUSIN MARION.**

Darling Sue

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

ward, most of it. That's what started me. When I found every man's hand raised against me, I had to steel to live. But there has been no more killing, ma'am. True, I have notched a few men's ears, for pure devilment—to sort o' scare 'em and put my trade-mark on 'em, so to speak.

He paused to stir the dying fire. "I guess nobody in this section would know me now," he went on; "but the reward still stands, all right."

The woman found her bad man an agreeable companion. He guessed her wants beforehand, and did everything that was to be done for her comfort on the little journey. Each evening

as they sat about a little fire on the desert's sand he played the battered old guitar for the boy's pleasure. But he refrained from singing "Darling Sue." He and the boy became inseparable. McKenzie was father and brother and playmate to the child.

It was the last night of their journey, and they had just finished supper. Mrs. Jefferson sat in a canvas chair, and her boy stood leaning against her knee. Directly across the bright coals John McKenzie sat on a box, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The woman watched the flickering light play on his face, and thought him a handsome man. And, she told herself, he was about twenty-seven, her own age. She knew he was young; he seemed always so proud of that little, fair mustache. She wished, almost that the end of their journey was not quite so close.

"Play some more for me, Kenzie!" the boy requested, smiling to the man across the fire.

McKenzie took up the guitar and struck a few chords, but they were rather lifeless. A new thing had come into John McKenzie's life, a thing that was strange because it had come after so many wild and lonely years. After a moment of trying, he put the old instrument down on the sand.

"Little boy will have to 'scuse Kenzie this time," he muttered. "Kenzie just can't—play, somehow."

"Tomorrow—will you play tomorrow?" wistfully.

Tomorrow! Tomorrow the doors of a jail would close upon him. That fact broke into the woman's mind with a new force. It was harder than she had thought it—to deliver her boy's Kenzie to the authorities. She raised her eyes to those of the outlaw; they were gazing squarely at her, and she noted that there was a new light in them. She saw him flush in the glimmering firelight; then he slowly bent his head.

The boy broke the silence: "Couldn't you play for mother now?"

McKenzie smiled, and there was much tenderness in it. "Maybe she doesn't care to hear my bum playin'," he said; and there was much tenderness in his voice, too.

The Widow Jefferson suddenly spoke: "McKenzie, I don't think I can play the Judas after all."

"What's that, ma'am?" and he looked up.

"I say I don't think I can sell you."

"Sell me!" McKenzie laughed a laugh that didn't deceive even the child. "Why, it ain't like you was sellin' me, ma'am. Because I can very easy break jail, you know—"

Mrs. Jefferson had gone to her feet. "Hush, McKenzie!" she interrupted. "You can't break jail, of course. You've just been telling me that. McKenzie, I will never do it—I won't turn you up! That's final. I'd rather go back to the dust and starvation of the Halfway House!"

"But the boy!"

She raised her hand. "It's settled, McKenzie." And he knew it was.

He stood up, then went around the fire and stopped within a yard of her.

"I've got another proposition to offer," he said. "We can sell the horses for enough money to land us in St. Louis—let me go along and take care of you and the boy—I mean marry me, and let me work for you! Bowers wouldn't care if he could know. I need you, Sue—I need you even more than you need me. I'll surrender the wild life. Maybe you'd come to like me in time, Sue. Won't you?"

His sunburned face mirrored a greatness in his soul, and his nether lip trembled as he tried to smile.

"The past is dead," he went on; "the past is always dead; there is only the future, and let's live it together. Honest, I'll give up the wild life. See, I surrender, Sue."

He took his revolver-laden belt from about his hips and placed it in her hands. Then, with his eyes shining with the first tears he could remember, he sang, low and throatily, the last line of the song the woman loved—

"I takes and lays 'em where my heart lies too!"

The heavy pistols dropped to the desert sand, and Sue Jefferson's arms went around John McKenzie's neck. She felt that dead Bowers wouldn't care if he could know.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

into noble and divine blessings; and there are no blessings which the mind may not convert into evils. I am nineteen years old, weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds and am five feet five inches tall, and have light blue eyes and golden hair.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, **VICTORIA.**

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

To make a broom last longer and sweep well, dip it in a pail of boiling suds once a week.

Wash your stove, then put a few drops of linseed oil on a woolen cloth and rub the stove well and it is not necessary to blacken it.

Take two parts of sifted coal ashes and sand, mixed well together, to one part of flour; mix with water. This makes an excellent mortar for patching cracks in the plaster.

To kill rose bugs, make a suds of Ivory soap and water, a cake of soap to a tub of water, and apply to bushes and ground.

To remove skunk odor, make a strong smudge of oat hay and place garments near it and the odor will soon disappear.

Mrs. I. E. S., Great Falls, Mont.

Remedies

Sulphur and vaseline mixed makes a fine healing salve.

A solution of salt and water is good for falling hair. Use twice a week.

Mrs. ELMER HARLOW, Woodward, Iowa.

Equal parts of aqua ammonia and glycerine rubbed on the hands after washing is an excellent remedy for sunburn, poison ivy and chapped hands. If there are any open places it will find them and sting for a second but it does a lot of good.

E. ELLIOTT, California.

FOR BETTER HEALTH.—Nothing is better to take on rising than a cup of hot water. One hot drink on an empty stomach clears the system for the day and for many persons a tablespoon of lemon juice increases the efficacy. Taken on going to bed without the lemon juice it will help to induce sleep. Both night and morning it has the effect of helping to clear the complexion.

RHEUMATISM.—Take the roots of Rose Noble (an herb to be found in many localities, or could be secured from a druggist) and pound them up and put in a large bottle and cover with whiskey. Let stand a few hours and then take in doses as ordinary medicine. Some add burdock seed to the preparation, as it is beneficial. If one does not like to use the whiskey the roots may be eaten, but they are very bitter. This has helped many of my friends and I hope will help others.

Mrs. JOHN LATIMER, Edinburg, Pa.

Requests

Cure for bites.

How to rid a yard of red ants.

How to make Chinese chop suey.

Poem, "The Housekeeper's Lament."

Song containing words, "Does a Railroad Lead to Heaven?"

Mrs. Bertha Schuls, Allentown, 127 So. 4th St., Pa., would like to correspond with any of the sisters who paint in oils or water colors.

Miss Agnes Travis, Platte, S. Dak. would like poems, "The Log Cabin on the Mississippi Shore," and "Sweet Days of Childhood." Will return favor.

Will someone tell me how to dye a wool suit (partly mixed) a dark blue, without boiling. It is blue now. Mrs. FRANK BURKE, Dade City, R. R. 74 A, Fla.

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Miss Carrie Popplis, Fremont, Nebr. Elvin Carter, Olney, care W. C. Co., Oregon. Miss Mary Eames, College Ave., Danville, R. R. 1, Va. H. M. Heer, Chatfield, R. R. 2, B. 102, Ohio.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of Frank Abbott of Perth, N. Dak. He is somewhere in Canada now. Mrs. J. E. White, Billings, Mont.

Information of my sister, Mrs. Robert Taylor; maiden name Martha Gantz, married in Pueblo, Colo., about fifteen years ago. Mrs. C. M. Halbert, Hazleton, Iowa.

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5 Wheel Chairs in May

415 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The five May wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Ethel May Hall, Rougemont, N. C., 200; Mrs. Mollie McNeill, Duke, N. C., 136; Johnnie May Heatherly, Bremen, Ala., 103; Thomas R. Hancock, Winterpack, Va., 101; Mrs. Lucinda Sisson, Forest Hill, La., 99

Ethel May Hall, age 17, describes herself in a beautifully written letter as having always been an invalid and unable to walk a step. Her friends sent the entire 200 subscriptions for her chair in three weeks' time.

Mrs. Mollie McNeill, age 41, has been crippled by rheumatism nearly six years. Her legs are drawn up and useless. Her arms are affected so that she can barely use her right hand to feed herself.

Johnnie May Heatherly, age 16, is confined to her bed by tuberculosis of the bone which developed from white swelling of the knee. It is five years since she took her last step. She is entirely helpless.

Thomas R. Hancock, age 13, has been partially paralyzed all his life so that he can not walk and can use only one hand.

Mrs. Lucinda Sisson, age 71, paralyzed in her left side since February, 1916, is almost helpless. Even her tongue is affected so that she can hardly talk.

These are all hard cases but there are many more equally distressing that are suffering for wheel chairs and need your help. Don't fail them. We want to do better yet next month.

We have an interesting roll of honor. Why not get your name there next month?

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and my right, too. It is a fact and everyone of you who give me the number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little easier each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Thinks Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Simply Grand
GRADY, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:
I have received my chair and I think it is simply grand. I thank you very much, also the friends who were so kind in helping me get the subscriptions. I will do all I can to help other needy shut-ins get chairs. May the Lord richly bless you in your good work. Yours sincerely, Mrs. T. B. CHRISTIAN.

Little Boy Expresses His Appreciation of His COMFORT Wheel Chair
BOONE MILL, VA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:
I want you to know how much I enjoy and appreciate my wheel chair. Mother says she will have to tie me to keep me from killing myself, for I just go all over the house in it. I thank you and all who kindly helped me to get it. May you have big success with your mercy work. I remain as ever, your little friend,
ROLAND EUGENE CHEWNING.

Little Crippled Girl Takes Great Delight in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair
OREGON CITY, OREGON.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:
Words cannot express our sincere gratitude for the lovely wheel chair you sent our little daughter Nada. She has been out in it only twice, so far, on account of the weather having been so terribly bad, but she can use the chair in the house and takes great delight in it. With its help I shall keep her out of doors most of the time when the weather is suitable. We expect to have a picture taken of her sitting in her wheel chair and will send you one for COMFORT. I am sending you a few more subscriptions. Don't think that, after you have treated me so fine, I would lose interest in getting wheel-chair subscriptions. Thanking you and the dear, kind friends who assisted us in getting Nada's chair, I am your well-wisher,
MRS. S. A. STRONG.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Sylvia L. Taylor, Ark., for Arthur W. Taylor, 42; W. E. Mangum, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 40; Mrs. Emma Pentecost, Miss., for Mrs. Martha Timberlake, 40; Archie Knight, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 40; W. M. Holder, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 40; Miss Maggie Hall, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 37; Mrs. Mollie McNeill, N. C., for own wheel chair, 36; Jim S. Gardner, Texas, for own wheel chair, 32; Mrs. C. J. Perrin, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 25; Mrs. Bessie Clapp, Texas, for Ruby Pearl Clapp, 24; Mrs. Maude Morgan, Colo., for Preston Morgan, 23; Frank Fulghum, Ga., for Mrs. W. F. McBride, 22; Miss Lillie McGuire, Ark., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. R. E. Davie, D. C., for Ethel May Hall, 20; Ruth Knight, N. C., for Mrs. Mollie McNeill, 20; Mrs. Lullie Umstead, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 20; Mrs. Laura Vaughan, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 20; Edward H. Obert, N. J., for Mrs. Phillis Garrison, 18; Mrs. P. J. Rubish, N. Dak., for Mrs. H. B. Newell, 17; Miss Lucy Wilkes, N. C., for Benjamin P. Coffey, 17; Fay Elson, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 17; Mary E. Garrett, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 17; Mrs. Mary Kames, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Stalhammer, 16; Yena McCutchen, Miss., 15; for Mrs. Donie McCutchen, 16; Nora L. King, Arkansas, 15; Mrs. J. B. Ellis, North Carolina, for Miss Ruby Ellis, 15; Mrs. Orilla Empey, Utah, for Community Chair, 15; Mrs. Eva Malick, Ark., for Exray Malick, 14; John Wheeler, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 14; Mrs. A. B. Lewis, Ky., for John Brown, 13; Cath. J. S. Hancock, Ga., for Tavia Culpepper, 13; Mrs. Mary Lanier, Ga., for Dollie Virginia Lanier, 12; Miss Myrtle McCarty, Missouri, for Willie Clinton, 12; Mary Berry, Ga., for Lottie Berry, 11; Miss Annie Harris, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 11; Mrs. J. F. Clipper, Texas, for Martha Louise Sullivan, 11; Mrs. James H. Denny, Missouri, for Tavia Culpepper, 10; Mrs. W. M. Hardin, Fla., for Tavia Culpepper, 10; Mrs. E. A. Cannon, Tenn., for Howard Carr Cannon, 10; Mrs. S. A. Strong, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 10; Bessie Coffey, N. C., for Benjamin P. Coffey, 10; Rosa Parrish, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 10; Mrs. M. E. Heatherly, Ala., for Johnnie May Heatherly, 9; Mrs. W. O. Glascock, Texas, for Catherine Barnes and Roland Chewning, 9; Mrs. A. J. Tully, N. C., for Ethel May Hall, 8; Mrs. Lulla Smothers, Ky., for Catherine Barnes, 8; Mrs. E. Caudle, Arkansas, 8; Mrs. John Arnette, Tennessee, for General, 7; Miss Ethel Cross, Arkansas, for Elsie Roberts, 7; Mrs. Fred Scafe, Okla., for Alice Scafe, 7; Mrs. Tilden Catron, Va., for General, 6; Mrs. Pat Sexton, Colo., for Florence Hart, 6; Mrs. Annie Slaton, Va., for Mrs. Catherine Fessure, 6; Lonnie M. Beller, Wash., for General, 5; Mrs. L. M. Simmons, Pa., for General, 5; Mrs. Annie M. Strong, Mich., for General, 5; Jessie Ellis, N. C., for Ruby Elendine Ellis, 5; Mrs. T. A. Hancock, Va., for Thomas R. Hancock, 5; Mrs. Nola C. Owen, Ark., for General, 5; Mrs. Albert Shirley, Pa., for General, 5; W. S. Ford, Texas, for Leithor D. Darter, 5; Mrs. M. E. Gragg, Okla., for Lottie Berry, 5; Jeppie Bynum, Ala., for Max Hazel, 5; Kenneth Crookes, Kansas, for Grandma Balsom, 5; Miss Hilda Doerflin, Ind., for John Clark, 5; Mrs. M. L. Lukens, Ill., for Eva Lukens, 5; Polly Legg, W. Va., for General, 5.

The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

K. W. Lundgren, Minn.—We cannot give recommendations to any patent medicines. Some are good and some are not. Some are really medicines and some are fakes.

Mrs. S. A. H., Calhoun, Ala.—An electric, or other, vibrator may be useful and beneficial in some cases to start the circulation. Consult your physician and see if he will recommend it in your case.

R. S. Silay, Oc. Neg., P. I.—Your trembling, heart palpitation, perspiration and tears when you are called on in class, when you are addressed unexpectedly, or among strangers and your inability to remain composed when talking to the young ladies is due to self-consciousness, which is another name for nervousness. Something is wrong with your nervous system, either acquired or natural, and you must put yourself under the direction of a nerve specialist, or a physician who is skilled in nervous diseases and let him try to restore you to normal condition. You are too young to neglect yourself now and continue under this nervous strain until it affects your mind, as it is quite sure to do eventually. It is a long way from Maine to the Philippines, but we know you have good doctors there and you must get one who not only understands your case, but who has sympathy for you as well and will give you just the treatment necessary. Let us hear from you again next year.

C. P. Mitchell, Ga.—All your ailments are of the surgical kind and can only be treated by a physician who can make personal examinations of their condition. Any advice that we could give would be entirely guesswork, which is really worse than no advice at all. We hope that all COMFORT patients will understand that surgical cases, that is broken bones, wounds, old sores and others of various kinds can only be treated by a physician who can make personal examination.

N. M. Mar, W. Va.—The standard remedy for warts of the ordinary kind is luna caustic which you can buy at any drug-store. It is applied to the warts and will destroy them. Be careful in applying it not to get it on the surrounding skin as it will burn it and make an ugly sore. Unless the warts are very large, numerous and on the inside of the hands, the caustic will not prevent your brother working.

B. H. V., Monticello, Ark.—Kidney troubles are too serious to be treated by mail. There is always danger of Bright's disease and when this has become fixed there is very little hope for a patient. The proper course is to have examinations promptly made and treatment prescribed in time to prevent. You have no doubt often heard that prevention is better than cure. It is not only true, but it is still better than no cure at all, because of neglect when there was time.

A. R. L. Sullivan, Ill.—Fasting is an excellent relief for indigestion, if it is done properly. As your digestion is from over-eating, that is, eating your digestive organs more work to do than they are equal to, what better remedy could be applied than rest? Eat half as much as you are now eating, chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing, and eat nothing which does not agree with you perfectly, no matter how much you may like it. If you must drink coffee, drink only one cup a day with or without sugar, as you like.

W. H. H., Potlatch, Ida.—The baby has inherited a predisposition to nervousness and temper from his mother, and if he is handled carefully much of that may be overcome, but not by physical means. Don't punish him physically, but, in every way you can, impress upon his mind the danger of giving way to his temper and the real sin there is in such weakness. Teach him self-control as a duty to himself and to those he cares most for and we think by the time he is old enough to understand it all, he will be so influenced by it that he will be a very fair average human being. Possibly his eyes are still a little crossed, and you are used to it and don't notice it. There is some weakness there, and this you should have a competent physician look after and correct if necessary, though many children have this defect and speedily outgrow it. Some of his nervousness may be due to some defect of vision as often happens. We are glad to see that you are not like a good many of our COMFORT mothers who foolishly think they can raise children properly without advice from anybody, and without knowing the first principles of child rearing.

Anxious, Harrisburg, Ark.—Fainting spells, so called, are not infrequent, and often are not especially serious, but oftener they are symptoms of the most dangerous diseases. Their cause cannot be guessed at and you must consult a physician who can thoroughly examine you and decide intelligently what is the cause and treat it properly. One such spell may happen and none ever come again, but when there have been two, it is time to make immediate and serious inquiry.

Mrs. J. L., Mt. Auburn, Iowa.—Neuralgia of the heart is the sharp pains you describe and it is a disease that may be relieved if not cured, but it is very unreliable and may result fatally on very short notice. You must consult a physician who can thoroughly examine you and decide intelligently what is the cause and treat it properly. One such spell may happen and none ever come again, but when there have been two, it is time to make immediate and serious inquiry.

Rita, Marion, Ind.—There isn't any cure for blushing that we know of. It may be relieved to a great extent if the cause can be cultivated, but it is a self-consciousness, so to speak, which prevents her ever thinking about herself at all, but not many can do that. It is due to nervousness which is natural and nature is generally incurable. Persistent practice in forgetting your own existence will help more than any other prescription we know of.

Mrs. C. S., Coeur d'Alene, Ida.—Your eyes hurt you continually and you cannot see well, but you cannot have a physician examine them and tell you what should be done for relief, because you cannot afford it! Well, do you think there is any economy which would justify the loss of your sight? Couldn't you afford to make a good many sacrifices rather than sacrifice your sight? Looking towards you from Maine to Idaho we cannot very well detect whether you are cross-eyed or not. We can tell, though, that you are totally blind, or you would see the absolute necessity of having a physician examine your eyes and prescribe for you.

H. F. S., Baudette, Minn.—A scar caused by a wound deep enough cannot be wholly removed, though some skin specialists can improve its appearance if it is very disfiguring. Such treatment is usually expensive and not always satisfactory. There is no fixed rule for removing disfiguring scars known to medicine, or surgery, and only an examining physician can give an opinion as to what may be done with yours.

M. B. C., Nathalie, Va.—There is no cure for chills as long as you live in an agreeable neighborhood, or climate, unless you can prevent being bitten by mosquitoes. Move away from where you now are to some part of your state where there is no agreeable and you will not have any more trouble with the chills. It is now known that the agreeable germ is put into the blood by the mosquito bite. Your stomach trouble and nervousness come largely from the drugs you are taking for the chills and will continue as long as the chills are with you and they will with you as long as you live where they prevail, unless you can exterminate or avoid the mosquitoes.

L. T. Washington, D. C.—As the gas is due to fermentation, which means poor digestion and you have adopted a diet which may be in time improve conditions, we would suggest that you take during the day several drinks of hot water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in it. This will neutralize the acid and give

temporary relief. What you need more than anything else now, is exercise in the open air as a corrective of your eight hours a day in an office. You should walk from three to five miles a day, good sharp walking, and there are plenty of fine walks about your town. It will do you more good than medicine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

As much as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. C., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the payment of a note can be enforced against any property owned by one or both of two joint makers of the note, except, of course, such small allowances as are allowed by law as exemptions.

J. P., Mississippi.—Under the laws of South Carolina we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and a brother as her only heirs at law and next of kin, her estate after payment of debts and expenses, would go in equal shares to such husband and brother.

P. L. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving a surviving husband and one child as her only heirs at law and next of kin, after payment of debts and expenses, the husband would receive one third of the personal property absolutely and one third of the real estate for life, the balance going to her child.

Mrs. E. L., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think an illegitimate child has any inheritance rights in the father's estate, unless some provision is made by will or unless they have been legitimized.

L. M. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his estate after payment of debts and expenses would go one third of the personal property absolutely, and one third of the real estate for life to the widow and the remainder to the child.

P. B., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents are legally entitled to the custody and control of their minor children.

F. B., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all contracts for the conveyance of real estate must be in writing to make them enforceable.

Mrs. N. C. S., Arkansas.—We think that if your husband died leaving no will and if he left property it will be necessary to have an administrator appointed by the court to legally settle his estate; we think you would have a preference for their appointment.

B. C. G., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kansas we are of the opinion that children, during the lifetime of the parents, have no interest in such parents' real estate and the same can be sold by the parent without the consent of the children; we think children can be disinherited by will, but in the absence of a will we think upon the death of a married man his homestead goes one half in value to the widow and one half in equal shares to the children, but that in order to constitute a homestead the land must be occupied by the family, and if the deceased leaves a widow and children the property cannot be divided until the youngest child reaches twenty-one years of age, unless the widow remarries; we think the widow receives one half of the balance of the real estate, not released by her, unless the same is necessary to pay debts, and that the personal property, not necessary to the homestead property, the balance of the estate going to the children equally.

T. T., Illinois.—Upon your statements we are of the following opinion: that it would be necessary to carry to the matter of the court proceeding under which the property you mention was sold, to form an opinion as to whether you now have any chance of recovering any of this property. We think that if it was sold through a properly conducted court proceeding, your chances of recovering the property now, would be very slight, but that if on the other hand, there was some fraud committed in connection with this court proceeding you might yet succeed. We think that if your father left no will and left property to which you were entitled during your minority, the same should have been administered by a guardian and that in case such guardian has not accounted to you for your share of this property, you should be able to compel an accounting, unless your rights to same have been barred by the statute of limitations owing to your neglect to prosecute same within proper time after you became of age. You furnish me with no information as to how much time has elapsed since your father's death nor as to how long it has been since you became of age.

Mrs. C. S., Martinsville, Ill.—We do not think that a min. can be held for contracts made by him during minority unless the same are validated when he becomes of age. We do not think a deed to real estate executed by a minor conveys good title to such real estate. We think that in order to settle a minor's interest in an estate and receive good deeds or receipts for same, it would be necessary to transact business through such minor's guardian or through or under a court judgment or decree in some proceeding brought for that purpose.

Mrs. J. K., Little Falls, Minn.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion, that unless your neighbor has some easement or right of way across your property, you have a legal right to stop him from driving across the same. We think, however, that he might have procured some easement or right of way, either through some deed or agreement in connection with same or through a possessory right of the use of same for a long period of years, upon your consent or the consent of the former owners of the property.

J. McN., Hillsboro, Ohio.—We are of the opinion that under the Act of September 8, 1916, estates of less than \$50,000 are exempt where decedent was a resident of the United States, from the Federal inheritance tax; and that in your state the said laws exempt parents, husband and wife, lineal descendants or an adopted child and to others five per cent on any amount above an exemption of \$500. We think a full

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv't.

digest of the inheritance laws would be too exhaustive a subject for us to undertake in a communication of this kind.

J. L. Z., Falls City, Nebr.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the children of the marriage do not come in to any right to property belonging to the husband upon the death of their mother before the death of the father. We think, however, that in the absence of a will, such children would come in to their share of their father's estate upon his death, but that they would have no rights to his property during his lifetime even after their mother dies. Of course, if these children were the children of the wife by a former marriage they would have an interest in the estate of her second husband unless provided for by will, in a case where their mother pre-deceased such second husband. We think that in case the husband of the woman you mention was the father of the children you mention, he would have a legal right to disinherit such children by will, but that in case he leaves no will they would receive their share, the amount of which would depend upon whether or not he re-married. In case he dies leaving no will and leaving no widow, we think his children would be entitled to share his property in equal shares, descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share.

A. M. O., Santa Fe, Kansas.—We think that a marriage by a man or woman having a husband or wife living and whose they are not divorced is a bigamist and an illegal marriage and would make the person so marrying subject to punishment for such act.



MOONGRAM JEWELRY CO., 119 Nassau Street, Dept. 94, New York

AUTOMATIC REPEATING RIFLE

FIRE 20 SHOTS IN ONE LOADING! This is a regular size automatic revolver. Shoots B. B. shots obtainable anywhere, same as other guns. Repeats 20 times with one loading. Handlessly finished in gun metal. No caps or load necessary, as it works with a spring and shoots with rapidity and accuracy. Simply load with 20 B. B. Shot, then press the trigger. Nothing to explode—absolutely harmless and safe. Remember, it is not a toy, but the same size and shape as a real gun. AUTOMATIC. Sent complete with a round of shot for ONLY 25 cents, postpaid. Extra shot, 10c a package.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 1, 7121 N. Clark St. CHICAGO



Here are 9 squares. Can you put a figure (no two alike) in each square so as to make a total of 15 by adding them up and down and crossways? As an advertisement we will send a lot 25x100 ft. at Atlantic City, Md., which has one of the finest beaches in the world, to any one (white race) solving this puzzle. Small fee for deed and expenses. Send your solution, with 4c in postage, for copy of prospectus to

OCEAN BEACH DEVELOPMENT CO.
206 N. Calvert St. Baltimore, Md.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

GO FISHING



Complete Fishing Outfit. This Fishing Outfit complete, containing the following:
1 Fancy Bamboo Fishing Rod, 1 All Brass Glick Reel, 2 Doz. Split Shot Sinkers, 9 Fishing Lines Assorted, 6 Trout and Bass Flies, 6 Snelled Hooks, 2 Doz. Assorted Fish Hooks, 1 Trolling Spoon Bait, 3 Trout and Bass Leaders, 1 Float or "Bobber," 1 Adjustable Sinker, 3 Swivels.

Everything in this outfit is of high quality, practical and each item will give perfect satisfaction.

Not only is the Fine Jointed Rod a dandy, but each of the three dozen different articles are separately and collectively just what any man or boy wants to have handy for a fishing sport. Some part or all of this outfit will be required for any Lake, River, Sea, Stream, Brook or Pond Fishing, and it will be a delight to catch the different kinds of fish with this marvel outfit.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this 36-piece Fishing Outfit Premium No. 7345 packed in a nice box by Parcel Post absolutely Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Get This Dandy Air Rifle!

Automatic Repeater Works Like a "Winchester" Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real repeater which loads automatically just like a Winchester or a Marlin. It is nearly three feet long yet weighs only two pounds, uses BB shot and shoots 350 times without reloading. The barrel and all working parts are made of high grade steel with a gun metal finish, the stock is made of real black walnut handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your camping and hunting trips because with it you can bag all kinds of small game such as crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and for target practice it is just fine. No powder—no danger—your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is absolutely safe to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle absolutely free on the terms of the following special Club Offer.

For a club of only Ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 72610. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents, I want 100 men to act as my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" Raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge \$36.95 for one week's spare time. Cooper \$314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for \$3.98. No money required. No delivering or collecting. Sample coat and complete outfit all free. Big season just starting. There's a thousand dollars in this for you if you grab it quick. Write now. Comer Mfg. Co., 205 Opel St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragdale, East Orange, N.J.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Reliable People Wanted to place Eggine in stores and appoint agents. Takes the place of Eggs in baking and cooking at less than 9c doz. Package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Co., 424 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Prints, Pennants, Paper Macie Frames, Etc. credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk M2, Chicago, Ill.

Mythic Fish Bait. Harmless. Lawful. Effective for all species of fish. Sample 25c. Great summer seller. Agents & Dealers write. Hayes Co., 326 River St., Chicago.

Agents.—Big summer seller. Water filter. Makes muddy water clear as crystal. For farm or city homes. Prevents typhoid. Sells like wildfire. Every home needs it. Write quick for territory and sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1819 North St., Dayton, O.

SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office, Dept. B-28, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

SONGS

Songs Wanted for my mail order music catalog. Wonderful editing service. Story's Music House, 111 East 17th Street, New York.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mes. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

Wanted Stories, articles, poems etc. We pay on acceptance. Offers submitted. Send MSS. to Cosmos Magazine, 1227 Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Soft Drinks in powder. Just add cold water; ready instantly, delicious, healthful, every one wants them. Sells thirty glasses 25c. Trial package 10c postpaid. Chas. H. Morrissey Co., 417 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Screen door check. Demonstrate and sale is made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Wonderful summer seller. Demonstrating sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Cash In On Bone Dry Bill. Make \$8 a day easy. Will show you how with our concentrated Pure Fruit drinks. Wanted everywhere. Small package—just add water. Here's the chance of a lifetime. Grab your territory. Write quick. American Products Co., 6115 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewares for only \$1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

"Washwhite" Cleans Clothes Without Rubbing. Attractive Premiums. Free samples. Nacma, 21-K, 18 W. Lake, Chicago.

Our Representatives are getting rich with marvelous new household commodity. Free samples get over 100 orders daily. Big profits. Exclusive territory going fast. Join our successful organization of prosperous agents and send today for free samples and particulars. Skitch Company, Desk 166, Chicago, Ill.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land Opportunity! Inquire about my easy way to get a farm home in Michigan's Fruit and Clover Belt. 10 acres for \$250. \$5 down, \$4 monthly. General farming, stock, vegetables, poultry, fruit. Good towns, schools, churches. I insure you while you are buying and help you start farming. Big booklet free. Owner, George W. Swigart, C1246 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Profitable Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts \$250. and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. H. LaBume, Agr. Agt. N. & W. Ry. 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FARM LANDS

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free For Six Months—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 408, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

Salesman, Exceptional Opportunity: Establish yourself in business. Auto accessory, big demand, easy seller, large profit, exclusive territory. The Liberty Bell Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Ill'd Coin Value Book, \$7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

Will Pay \$7.00 for 1853 Quarter; \$100.00 for 1853 Half without arrows. \$2.00 for 1894 Dollar proof. We buy all rare coins to 1912 cents, nickels, dimes, etc. to dollars, old bills and stamps. Cash premiums paid. Send us 4c. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

MALE HELP WANTED

Work For Uncle Sam. He is the best employer. Big pay, sure work, easy long vacations, rapid advance. Thousands of jobs open this year. I will help you get one. Write for my big FREE Book, DY 1450, today. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

War opens hundreds Government positions to men—women. \$75 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C9, Rochester, N. Y.

No Strike: 8 Hour Day. Men everywhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, \$120. Colored Porters, Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Be A Detective. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

Large National Chain Store Company offers young men 18 to 21 years old excellent opportunity to learn retail business on high efficiency standard and qualify for management of branch stores. Special Course of instructions in Salesmanship given also liberal salary paid while learning. Only bright, energetic young men who desire to improve ability need apply. Address Box No. 566 Baltimore, Md.

FARMS FOR SALE

Money-making Farms. 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools, and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel. Demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

Women.—Start Dressmaking business in your homes. \$25 week. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C850, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for pattern and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Soldiers and Sailors need socks. Good money made at home knitting hosiery. Machines furnished on time. We pay you fixed rates for making the goods the year round. Wheeler, Inc., G-339 Madison, Chicago.

Given To Any Woman. Beautiful 100 piece gold dec. dinner set for distributing (not selling) only 6 dozen packages. Diamond Dust Soap Powder free among friends. No money or experience needed. New Method Company, 730-738 North Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 1917 edition 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write For Free Copy "Hints on writing and Selling Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems." Atlas Pub. Co., 226, Cincinnati, O.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

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Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

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Inventions Commercialized on cash and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Piser Mfg. Co., 2091 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$50.00 Nightly—In the Moving Picture Business on installment plan. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Film Service, 228 Union Ave., Dept. D, Memphis, Tenn.

PHOTO FINISHING

Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, to 3 1/2 x 4 1/2, 3c.; 4 x 5 to 3 1/2 x 5 1/2, 4c. J. M. Manning, 1062 Third Ave., New York City, Box 8.

Your Kodak Films Developed 5c. a roll. Prints 3c. each. Expert workmanship. Washington's best equipped studio. The Sport Mart Inc., Dept. C, Wash., D. C.

Films Developed free. Perfect prints. We do the best work in this, the photo city. No charge for developing when we make the prints. No matter where you live, send us your films. We return promptly by parcels post. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

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Cash Paid for all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Phila., Pa.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks: Cheaper than Hatching Eggs. We specialize in Rocks, Leghorns & Reds. 20th Century Hatchery, Box 184 New Washington, O.

Day Old Chicks for sale cheap. 10 Varieties. Hatched by one of the oldest Hatcheries in the country. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Protect Your Checks. In 1915 alone, check-raiders and forgers stole \$15,000,000. Our Check Protector makes your Bank Account absolutely safe. Sent anywhere, prepaid, for 50c. Take no chances. Safety first. Conway Bros., 189 Guilford Ave., Columbus, O.

The Origin of Savings Banks

When it is considered that in some states such as Massachusetts, one out of every two and a half people have savings bank accounts, and in New York with its great population, one out of three, the intimacy with which the savings bank touches the individual will become manifest. In fact no other institution except the home, the church, or the school comes into such close contact with humanity as does the savings bank. And because it touches the lives of so many people vitally, the whole body politic is interested in the savings bank and what it does.

Financially speaking no other institution has such a marked effect for good to the individual and the community, as does the bank that takes your money. Every time you cross a well paved street, take a walk in the park, send your children to school, turn in an alarm of fire, draw some water, look with pride upon your public buildings, enter a well kept home, you pay tribute to the institution that made these things possible, and that institution is the savings bank.

While the bank of discount is an indispensable part of business life, and we could not do business without it, the number of patrons of the banks of discount is insignificant in comparison with the depositors of the savings banks of the country, now numbering over ten million.

It is well to know something about this feature of banking, for a savings bank is more than "a place to put money"—it is a great co-operative investment institution. Like a great many other institutions that have made for human good, the savings bank is a development, and the origin of the idea is in doubt. Daniel Defoe of "Robinson Crusoe" fame is mentioned as the original savings bank man, who conceived a scheme for the receipt of deposits on the part of the Government. Nothing came of it. Priscilla Wakefield and Joseph Smith in England also had schemes for the receipt of deposits on the part of the well to do, of small savings and the repaying of the same at Christmas time with a bounty, contributed by the wealthy managers; but these endeavors worked on the theory that the poor should be encouraged to save for the sake of the reward offered, and were supported by the donations of the rich, which is far from the savings bank idea. The first man to grasp the fact that the earning power of the money left in the care of the managers should support the institution, was the Rev. Henry Duncan, a Scotch preacher, who in the village of Ruthwell, Scotland, opened his savings bank—the first true savings bank, in 1810, along the lines still in vogue today. This was the first savings bank that had in it the essential elements of success. Impressed with the improvidence of the people of his parish he resolved to found an institution to receive their small

Comfort's Comicalities

Diplomat

"Sir," said the angry woman, "I understand you said I had a face that would stop a street-car in the middle of the block."

"Yes, that's what I said," calmly answered the mere man. "It takes an unusually handsome face to induce a motor-man to make a stop like that."—Topeka Journal.

He Didn't Bite

"Don't you ever long for a home of your own?" asked the coy young thing. "I should think you'd get awfully tired of boarding-house cooking."

"I do," replied the wary bachelor, "but, you see, a fellow can change his boardinghouse without taking a trip to Reno."—Louisville Herald.

According to His Folly

The new minister was dining with an old lady. She had fried chicken for dinner, and he was very fond of chicken gizzard. Just for fun he told her he ate them to make him handsome. She adjusted her glasses and, looking him over, said, "Well, you ain't been eating them long, have you?"—Christian Herald.

No Fuss Housekeeper

"Ah see yo' is housecleanin'," said Mrs. Snow White.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Marsh Green, "dey is nothin' lak' mov' things 'round once in a while. Why, I dea come across a pair ob slippers under de bed dat Ah hadn't seen foh five years."—Dallas News.

Durable

The admiration which Bob felt for his Aunt Margaret included all her attributes.

"I don't care much for plain teeth like mine, Aunt Margaret," said Bob one day, after a long silence, during which he had watched her in laughing conversation with his mother. "I wish I had some copper-toed ones like yours."—Youth's Companion.

He Was It

Among the participants in court that morning were two women who claimed the same man as a husband.

"Who's that very skinny fellow over

there?" questioned one of the visitors.

"He's the bone of contention," chuckled the court attendant.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Weighty Reason

Bluffer—"Why don't you assert yourself in your own house? Is there any weighty reason?"

Meekly—"Well, no; she only weighs 110 pounds."—Exchange.

Worse Yet

A German spy caught red-handed was on his way to be shot.

"I think you English are brutes," he growled, "to march me through this rain and slush."

"Well," said the "Tommy" who was escorting him, "what about me? I have to go back in it."—Tid-Bits.

Efficiency

Mr. Goodnuff—"My boy, when I was your age I didn't smoke in the way you do!"



Boy—"I should guess not. Why, there ain't a kid in the ally that kin inhale like me!"

Matrimonial Ideas

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"

"Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life."

"How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread and milk, same as you did."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Set Him to Thinking

De Sappie—"Do you know, Miss Mary, I'm afraid I'm engaged to the wrong girl."

She—"What leads you to think so?"

"Jest for Fun"

De Sappie—"She is going to marry another fellow."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Nor Custom Stale"

Mother—"You were a long time in the conservatory with Mr. Willing last night, my child. What was going on?"

Daughter—"Did you ever sit in the conservatory with father before you married him?"

Mother—"I suppose I did."

Daughter—"Well, mother, it's the same old world."—Tid-Bits.

The Feminine Vote

"I suppose you are campaigning among the plain people?"

"No. I want the beauty vote and I want yours, madam."

She promised it.—Kansas City Journal.

Cause for Wrath

Jones (to his grocer)—"You seem angry, Mr. Brown."

Brown—"I am. The inspector of weights and measures has just been in."

Jones—"Ha, ha! He caught you giving fifteen ounces to the pound, did he?"

Brown—"Worse than that. He said I'd been giving seventeen."—Tid-Bits.

Must be a Woman

Brinker—"Yes, your wife's clothes have cost me a good bit of money."

Tinker—"My wife's clothes! What do you mean?"

Brinker—"Why, every time your wife gets a new gown, my wife must have one just as expensive!"—Judge.

Hard Going

"I heard you have gone into business old fellow."

"Yep, the restaurant business."

"And how is the restaurant business, as you find it?"

"Quite a grind. I eat in my own place as an advertisement, but it is beginning to tell on me."

Careless

"What brought you here, my poor man?" asked the prison visitor.

"Just plain absent-mindedness," replied the prisoner.

"Why, how could that be?"

"I forgot to scratch the monogram off a watch before I pawned it."—Buffalo News.

savings, invest them for the benefit of the depositor and after paying the expenses of management, return the balance to the depositors as interest. This plan proved so sensible and so helpful that savings banks sprang up all over England and Scotland, and shortly the idea crossed the Atlantic, resulting in the savings bank movement in this country, which closely followed the lines laid down by Duncan's bank.

Movies Discourage Saloons

A member of the Motion Picture Board of Review recently said that due credit should be given to moving picture theaters for diminishing the number of saloons throughout the country. More than five hundred were crowded out of New York City last year, due to moving picture theaters; while four hundred went out of business in Brooklyn. The percentage of saloons eliminated in smaller manufacturing towns is even greater than in New York.

Two-Millionth Alien

Kazimierz Wiadek Gawezwski, a Russian of Trenton, N. J., is the two millionth alien naturalized in the United States since the establishment of the Bureau of Naturalization Dec. 27, 1916. Gawezwski's final application papers, numbered 2,000,000, were approved and passed and placed on file.

600-Year Old Snuff Box

Joseph A. Willard, of Delmar Township, Pa., has been exhibiting an ancient carved ivory snuff box. On the cover is inscribed "Susanna Willard, 1306." This heirloom is said to have come over in the Mayflower and has been handed down in the Willard family for 600 years.

Largest Area of Any City

Los Angeles, Cal., recently annexed two new suburbs and therefore can now boast of its covering the largest area of any city in the United States. New York standing second with 314 square miles, 23 square miles less than Los Angeles. Chicago takes third place with 198 square miles.

Longest Distance Wireless Message

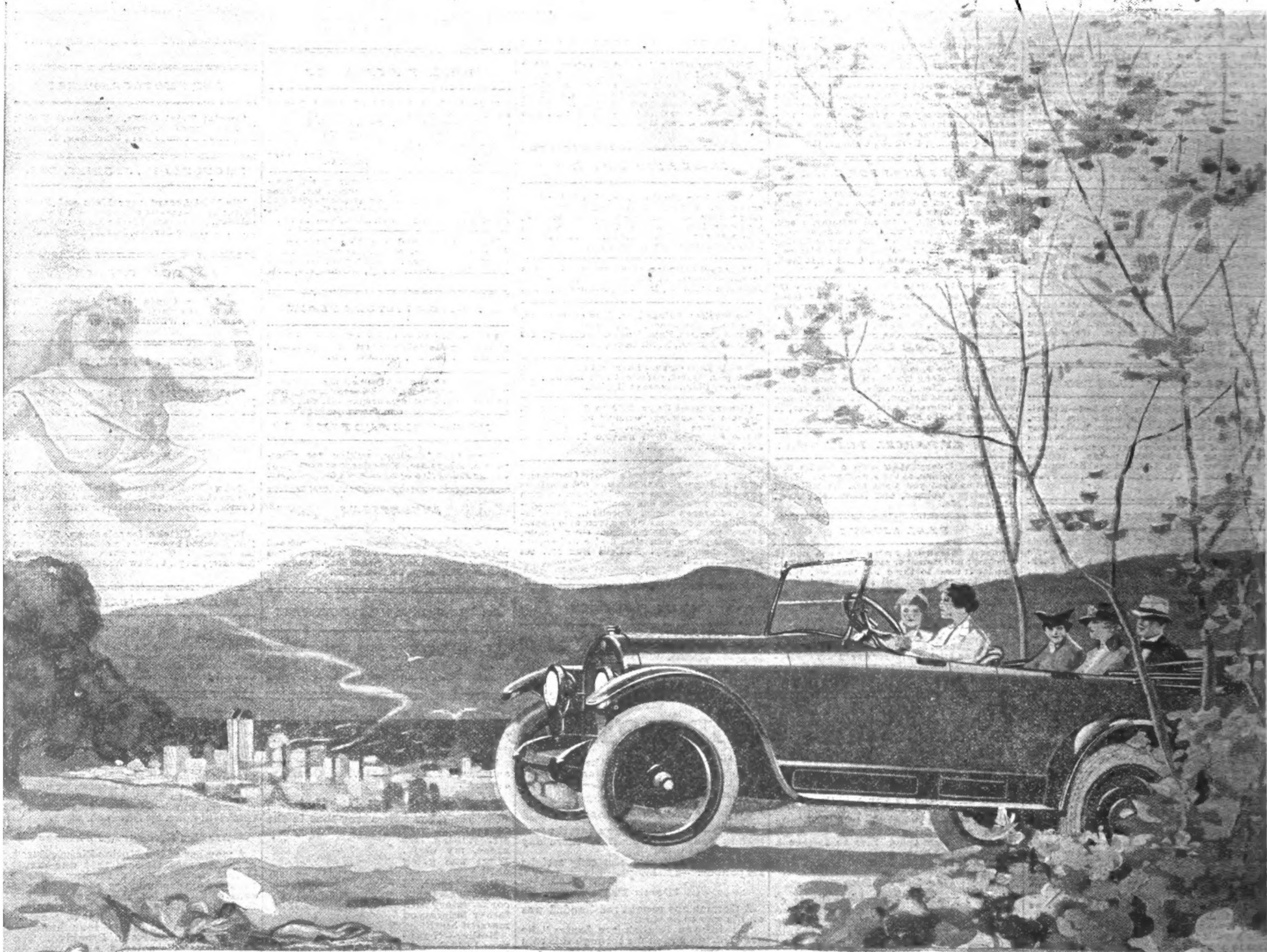
What is thought to be the longest distance wireless message yet received, was reported by the steamship Venture, which recently arrived at Sidney, New South Wales. While en route from San Francisco, Cal., a message was picked up from Tuckerton, N. J., at a point 9,000 miles away.

Anniversary of Gas

The 100th anniversary of the introduction of gas for lighting purposes was celebrated in Baltimore, Md., recently. Baltimore is said to be the first city in the United States to use gas for lighting, and to incorporate a gas company.

Overland

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There's one for you. See the Willys-Overland dealer today—let him show you the most comprehensive line of cars ever built by any one producer—make your selection now.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 912

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio
Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars
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Light Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 106-inch wheelbase, - - \$695
Two Passenger Roadster, 104-inch wheelbase, - - \$680
Four Passenger Sport Model, 104-inch wheelbase, - - \$795

Big Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 112-inch wheelbase, - - \$895
Three Passenger Roadster, 112-inch wheelbase, - - \$880
Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 112-inch wheelbase, \$1250
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 112-inch wheelbase, \$1450

Light Sixes

Five Passenger Touring, 116-inch wheelbase, - - \$1025
Three Passenger Roadster, 116-inch wheelbase, - - \$1010
Three Passenger Touring-Coupe, 116-inch wheelbase, \$1385
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 116-inch wheelbase, \$1585

Willys-Knights

Seven Passenger Four, Touring, 121-inch wheelbase, \$1395
Seven Passenger Eight, Touring, 125-inch wheelbase, \$1950
Four Passenger Four, Coupe, 114-inch wheelbase, \$1650
Seven Pass. Four, Touring-Sedan, 121-in. wheelbase, \$1950
Seven Passenger Four, Limousine, 121-in. wheelbase, \$1950

All prices f. o. b. Toledo—Subject to change without notice